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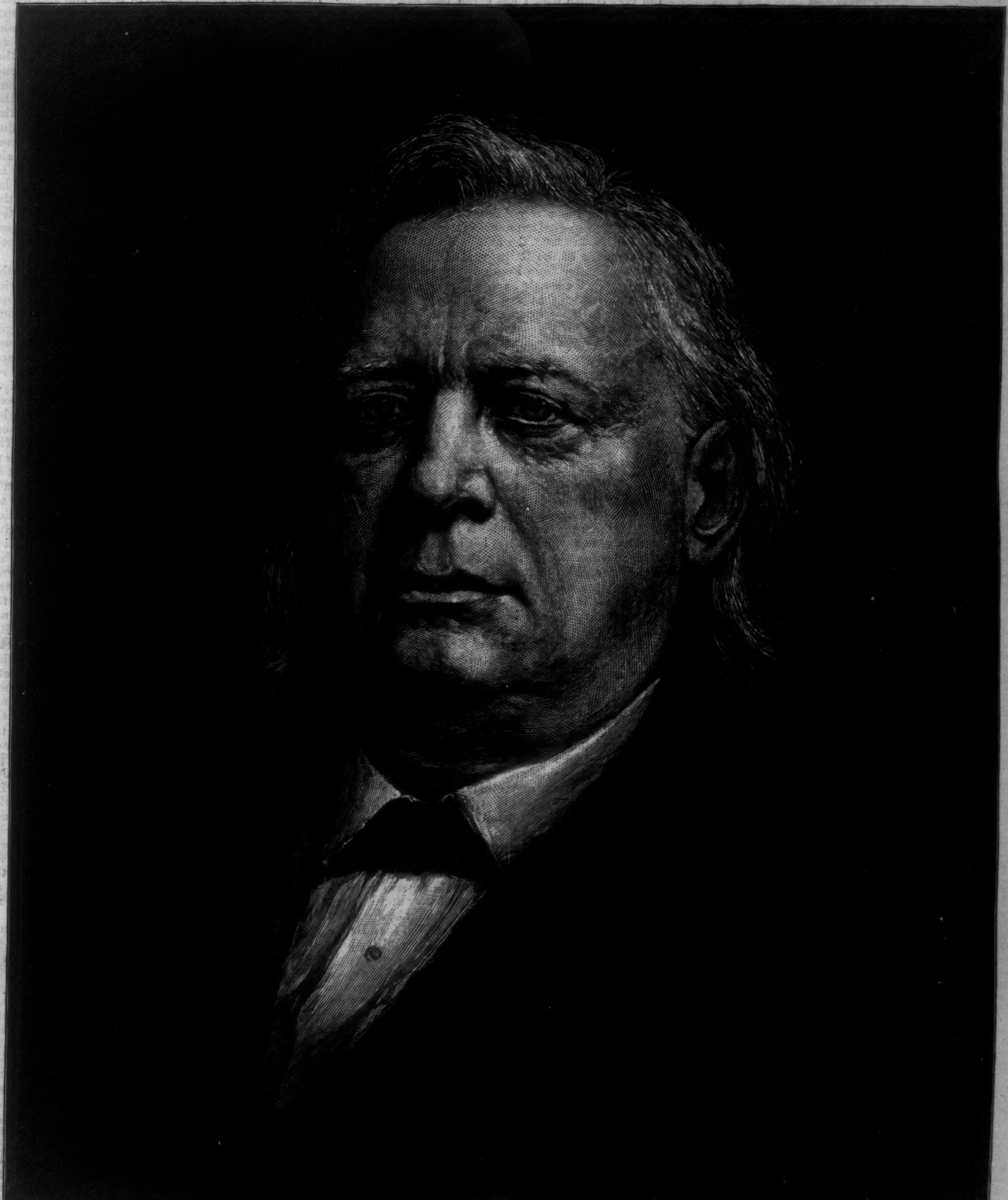

HENRY WARD BEECHER.—From a Picture by F. Dielman.—[See Page 181.]

"There are stories, poems, chapters on natural history; everything, in fact, to please and entertain its friends—the young people."—*San Francisco Post.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The number for March 8 contains a variety of entertaining reading and attractive illustrations.

"Billy Coffin's Almanac" is concluded, and "The Colonel's Money" is continued. The latter has a charming front-page drawing by Frederic Dielman.

A full-page illustration, entitled

"BLUE EYES AND PINK EYES,"

suggests the article on "Rabbits as Pets," by Allan Forman.

Professor C. F. Holder *has an entertaining article on some curious fishes, called "Soldiers of the Sea," illustrated by* Dan Beard. *Other articles are by* George B. Bartlett, Frank Bellew, George Cooper, *etc.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, March 12, 1887.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

OLD BOURBON.

The recent speech of Governor Hill, of New York, was the manifesto of that portion of the Democratic party which is opposed to President Cleveland. The Governor's allusions to the President were cool and cautious. He not only avoided commending the distinctive policy of the Executive, but he violently assailed it in guarded but transparent phrases. The speech was a reactionary Bourbon pronunciamento, which derives its sole importance from the fact that it was made by the accepted chief of the discontented Democrats in the President's own State, whose vote is essential to his re-election, and in which the hostility of the party machine is undisguised. The practically unanimous vote of the newly elected Democratic Assemblymen against the reform policy of the President, followed immediately by the speech of the Governor, is a significant sign of the situation in New York, which cannot be disregarded. The fact that the President had very warm friends at the Brooklyn dinner, and that the occasion was not an undisputed triumph for the Governor, merely proves the seriousness of the Democratic difference, and illustrates the strength of the Bourbon tendency. There is little doubt that the opinion of the Democratic party in New York is largely favorable to the President. But the machine, or that part of the party which controls nominations, is unfriendly to him. Nominations do not necessarily represent the preference of the majority of a party, and although his renomination is highly probable, it does not follow that the President will be renominated because the most intelligent and progressive Democrats, like Judge Hoadly, for instance, warmly sustain his administration, and understand in what sense he is stronger than his party.

The address of the Governor was an old-fashioned "roaring" stump-speech. It sketched the history of the Democratic party, and the completeness and accuracy of the sketch are shown by its complete omission of all allusion to the chief fact in that history. From the foundation of the government the disturbing force in our political system was slavery. The difference became graver and graver as time passed, and at last it ended in a prolonged and sanguinary civil war, in which the endurance, the devotion, and the courage of both sides were equally matched, and which ended, to the present satisfaction of both sides, in the extinction of the only radical source of sectional ill feeling in the country. Now the cardinal fact in the history of the Democratic party is that it was practically the party of slavery. But of this essential truth, which explains the complete overthrow of that party, and its exclusion from power for a quarter of a century, there is not the slightest hint in the comic history of the Democratic party given by the Governor. In this day of restored good feeling and of a new political era it was an act of extraordinary folly to recall such recollections; for it is just in the degree that the Democratic party proves that it is a very different party from that of thirty and forty years ago that it has any chance whatever of securing the confidence of the country. The doubt of its success in the election of 1888 is due to its complete failure, as a party, to prove that it is a party of to-day, by a hearty and general support of the President. If he had been cordially sustained by his party, there could be little doubt of his triumphant re-election. That Governor Hill should be really an important Democratic figure, and that his Brooklyn speech should be commended as that of a true Democrat, is an evidence of essential Bourbonism which tends to confirm the conviction that the party is hopelessly stupid and incapable.

If the speech of the Governor should be accepted as a representative speech of the party feeling and views, it would of itself seal the defeat of the Democratic party. There is not a word or suggestion in it which can possibly appeal to any human being except a thick-and-thin Democrat of the Elijah F. Purdy and Isaiah Rynders school. That the orator should be gravely mentioned as a candidate for the Presidency is an illustration of the Presidential standards of those who suggest such a candidacy, and of their sincere dislike of the best Democratic President who was ever elected. He was elected solely because he was believed, and, as the event has happily proved, justly believed, to be a Democrat of to-day, of intelligence, of progress, of reform, of a renewed Union, of a Democracy that means something, and not a Democracy which is a mere straggler from the dispersed ante-bellum Democratic camp, with its face set backward, babbling of the war of 1812, and afraid to think of the war of 1861. If the one man in this generation who has done most to make the name of Democracy respectable should be set aside by his party for any man like the Brooklyn orator, and because of the very course which has given that party another chance at national power and national confidence, it is very easy to foresee the result. In this estimate of Mr. Cleveland we do not forget Mr. Tilden and Mr. Seymour. Mr. Tilden and Mr. Seymour were exceedingly clever party leaders and able executive officers, but in the crisis of the fate of this country and its government they were lacking in essential sympathy with the intelligent and patriotic instinct of the country. It is the possession of that sympathy which distinguishes Mr. Cleveland, and makes him to-day the sole hope of his party.

A SIGNIFICANT INCIDENT.

It is stated in a recent despatch from Washington to the *Evening Post* announcing the enforced resignation of Mr. Jameson, the admirable and efficient Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, that Mr. Beck, a Senator from Kentucky, had denounced him by name in the Senate as a Republican, and that Mr. Beck also stated that he did not like to speak to a Republican in office, or to consult with him about appointments. If that be so, it is always open to Mr. Beck to refrain from speaking upon such subjects, and it is a gross impropriety upon his part if he does not refrain, unless the appointing officer requests him to speak. This alleged statement of Mr. Beck is an excellent illustration of the curious assumption upon the part of Senators of their right of interference in such matters. Such interference is not only an impertinence, but when it concerns an appointment to which the consent of the Senate is required it is indecent. The sole constitutional function of a Senator in regard to appointment is to consider nominations made by the President, and consent or refuse to consent, as he may decide. But to presume to dictate nominations upon which he is to vote is an offence and an abuse which it has been proposed more than once to correct by law. Mr. Beck has been very anxious to persuade Senators to free themselves even from the appearance of suspicion in regard to railroad legislation. It is quite as important that they should be relieved of complicity in the usurpation of Executive functions.

The enforced resignation of Mr. Jameson is a striking illustration of the absurd practices which have been and still are tolerated in the public service of this country. Here was an officer at the head of one of the most important branches of the postal service, who, as the Postmaster-General says in accepting his resignation, has been "especially faithful, useful, and patriotic," whose abilities and character have commended him warmly to his superior officer's regard and friendship, and who is not a politician, but because Mr. Beck and others, who are politicians, wish to turn the office to partisan account, this officer is virtually dismissed from the service. Whoever his successor may be, he cannot replace Mr. Jameson's experience, and consequent efficiency, and the interference of Mr. Beck and the other Democratic politicians leads inevitably to the detriment of the public service. The assertion that because there is a Democratic Executive, a perfectly satisfactory and efficient head of the Railway Mail Service should be dismissed to make room, not for a better officer, but for a Democrat, is beneath contempt. The policy and methods of the Railway Mail Service do not change with partisan ascendency, and its head is not, like the Postmaster-General, a political adviser of the President. It is a post in which training and the knowledge of details that comes by experience alone are of the utmost importance, and that Mr. Beck and other party politicians shall be allowed to drive from it an able, experienced, and competent officer is a public wrong.

It is greatly to be regretted that the President and the Postmaster-General should have permitted it. In many ways the President has shown the disposition firmly to maintain his view of the rights of the Executive against the encroachment of the Senate. But there is no greater outrage upon the public service than the partisan persecution of exemplary civil officers by Senators and Representatives. If the Executive thinks it expedient to yield to this pressure, it is clear from the experience of the last two years that unless the surrender be absolute it will be ineffectual. So long as a clean sweep is incomplete, the party dissatisfaction will be unappeased, and if the principles of a reasonable public service are abandoned in such a case as that of the head of the Railway Mail Service, the conclusion is unavoidable that it is only a question of the force of the pressure when they shall be abandoned in all similar cases.

THE REPORT OF THE CONVICT LABOR COMMISSION.

According to the report of Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, there are 64,609 convicts in the prisons mentioned in the report, of whom 58,714 are men, and 5895 women. Of this number 45,278 are engaged in productive labor, 15,360 in prison duties, and 3972 are sick or idle. Of all these convicts 14,827 are employed under the public account system, 15,670 under the contract system, 5756 under the piece price system, and 9104 under the lease system. The chief industry is the manufacture of boots and shoes, and the next in importance, of clothing. Mr. Wright says that it is perfectly evident that the competition arising from the employment of convicts, so far as the whole country is concerned, is unimportant, the whole of this prison population being but about one in a thousand of the population of the country; but in certain industries and in some communities the competition may be important. Where this is the case the competition can be regulated by law. But in the consideration of the subject it must be remembered that the useful employment of convicts is absolutely necessary, and that the prisons are not to be managed primarily for the profits of convict labor, but for the due discipline and reformation of the convicts. The real reason for the abolition of the contract system was not competition with free labor, but the demoralization which its conditions produced among the prisoners.

The abolition of the contract system leaves the choice between the State account and piece price plan, for the leasing system is unworthy of a civilized State. The report of the Prison Labor Reform Commission, which has just been submitted to the Legislature of New York, recommends the State account system, under which the State owns the plant, and buys, manufactures, and sells the material. The report lays great stress upon the results of the piece price system in New Jersey, which it says has been demonstrated to be a more serious competitor with free labor than the contract system, while it is more wasteful and seriously injurious to discipline. The report argues that if the reformation of convicts is to be fostered, the exclusive question of profits must be dismissed, and that the State and its officers must have full control. For this reason it approves the State account system. The report quotes the favorable opinion of the Commissioners of Labor in Illinois, but its citation of the report of the New York Prison Association is misleading from its omissions, and the same criticism is somewhat applicable to its statement of the views of Superintendent Brockway, of the Elmira Reformatory. The Prison Association report says of the State account system that it is "theoretically and under certain conditions the best system of all." But it says also, "There are many reasons for doubt whether the present time is ripe for the absolute adoption of the public account system of labor in the State-prisons of New York." The reasons are the enormous outlay for the plant and operation, which would be not less than $1000 for every prisoner, and the transformation of the prisons into factories, and the warden into a business superintendent, buying and selling and watching the markets to secure a fair pecuniary return to the State. The Prison Association report also differs entirely from the report of the Legislative Commission in holding that the piece price plan does not resemble the contract system, but much more closely the public account system, and it recommends, in opposition to the Commission, that all prisoners who cannot be employed in public work for the use of the State "should be employed upon the piece price plan of labor." The use made of this report of the Prison Association seems to us a little remarkable.

Mr. Brockway has stated that the State account system, "if the Legislature and the people will help us," can be made more helpful to the reformation of the prisoners than the contract plan, and sufficiently productive of income. But he has also stated strongly the objections arising from the financial risk, and its direct interference with free labor. He estimates the cost of the plant at not less than $5,000,000. Superintendent Baker says that "the risks on State account are greater than with other systems of labor, because the State becomes a manufacturer on a large scale, and must assume all the risks of a manufacturer. The results of the State account system in two of the prisons have been satisfactory, but the results are due to "the constant practice of the soundest business principles." He agrees with Superintendent Brockway that the State has done as well as with any other system, but the risks are very great. Superintendent Baker warmly commends the piece price plan, but he thinks that the highest reform can be attained under either of the three systems. He urges also with a force which is very impressive that *some* plan shall be adopted, and that the prisoners shall not be left in "destructive idleness." There are sixteen hundred convicts at Sing Sing and Auburn who must be employed, and the failure of the Legislature to provide some permanent system will be a great wrong to the State.

THE NEW YORK CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

BY an enormous majority of the votes cast at the last election the people of New York declared in favor of calling a Constitutional Convention. The vote was an emphatic popular direction to the Legislature to provide for the choice of delegates, and to do whatever else might be necessary to carry out the will of the people. This should be a very simple matter. Within less than seventy years there have been three such conventions in this State, besides the Constitutional Commission of about twenty years since. The scheme of election for the Convention of 1867 was generally acceptable. It provided for an election by districts, and for a certain number of delegates at large. The object of this plan was to secure a fair representation of every part of the State, and to open the way for the election of men who might be desirable in such a Convention but who would be excluded by party considerations if the choice were confined exclusively to the districts.

The bill introduced at the opening of the session providing for the election of delegates is the bill of 1867 with certain modifications. The Convention of that year, composed of 160 members, was thought to be too large, and the present bill reduces the number of delegates from 160 to 128, the number of members of the Assembly. It does not provide for election by Assembly districts, because that would secure representation for these districts only, with no representation of larger communities. Limiting the whole number of delegates to 128, the fairer method of selection seems to the authors of the bill to be from the State at large, from the Senatorial districts, and from the counties having more than one Senate district, upon a general ticket. Thus the bill would have thirty-two delegates elected by general ticket, no elector voting for more than sixteen upon such ticket, thus securing an equal division between the parties. Sixty-six delegates are to be chosen by Senatorial districts; twenty-one by the counties of New York and Richmond, no elector voting for more than seven, and nine by the county of Kings, no elector voting for more than three. This last device is supposed to aim at giving the labor party the choice of their own delegates.

This is a well-intentioned bill, and would doubtless result in a fair representation of the people of the State. It would, of course, give a party majority on one side or the other, but that is unavoidable. It is unwise, however, to base any part of the election upon "interests" or "classes." It is the people of the State who are to be represented, as they are represented in the Legislature and in Congress; and as an equitable representation of classes and interests is impossible in the Legislature, it is useless to attempt it in a Convention. The arrangement in New York, Richmond, and Kings counties, therefore, is open to question. But whatever bill may be agreed upon, the Legislature ought not to disobey the plainly expressed will of the people of the State. The delay in providing for the Convention is exceedingly suspicious, and the charge of a plot to prevent action is publicly made. Every honest man in the Legislature is bound to make every reasonable concession to secure the passage of a bill. A contest in framing the bill for party advantage in the choice of delegates, thus endangering its passage, is betrayal of the interests of the State. The people have ordered a Convention to assemble, and every man who interferes with that mandate will be remembered.

SPITE AGAINST REFORM.

DEMOCRATIC animosity to reform in the civil service was signally illustrated by the vote in the New York Assembly for the repeal of the law, and it is shown again by the report of the Committee on Appropriations in the House of Representatives at Washington, of which Mr. RANDALL is chairman. Mr. HOLMAN is his lieutenant, and both of them are among the most strenuous opponents of reform. In the bill which Mr. HOLMAN tried to hurry through the House without the opportunity for proper consideration there was a clause reducing the amount of the appropriation absolutely indispensable for the proper discharge of the duties of the Civil Service Commission unless certain modifications of the rules were made.

This is a repetition of the poor trick of last year, and it was promptly exposed by Mr. BUTTERWORTH, who pointed out that it was a practical repeal of the bill which authorizes rules to be made with the approval of the President. He properly challenged the Democrats to repeal the law frankly and manfully, and not spitefully hack at it to impair its efficacy. It was no reply to say, as Mr. TOWNSHEND said, that the Republicans hated the law, and that those who voted for it were hypocrites. It would have been a reply, however, since he said that he regarded the law as a sham, to propose its repeal, and challenge the Republicans to vote in the House as they talked in the cloak-room.

The attitude of the politicians of both parties upon this subject is comical. If the law is such a sham, and outrage, and humbug, and wrong, and absurdity, why is it not repealed? If, as the HILL Democrats insist, it is utterly distasteful to the party, why do not Democratic members of Congress emulate the courage of their fellow-partisans in the New York Legislature, and "put themselves on record" against the abomination? The reason is that they know the intelligence and good sense of the country approve the law, and neither party dares to yield to the hostility which so many of their members feel, and repeal the law. Those members, like Messrs. RANDALL and HOLMAN and VANCE and INGALLS, may show their teeth, but the war will not come up to the manifesto.

A WISE CHANGE.

THE proposition to change Inauguration Day from the 4th of March to the 30th of April is a very sensible one, not so much because it is a return to precedents as because the inauguration is an out-of-door ceremony, and the 30th of April falls in pleasant weather. There is no sanctity in the date of the 4th of March. The old Congress appointed the first Wednesday in January, 1789, for the appointment of electors under the new Constitution, the first Wednesday in February for the voting of the electors, and the first Wednesday in March for "commencing the proceedings" under the Constitution.

The first Wednesday in March happened to be the fourth day of the month. But it was not until the 1st of April that the House organized, and it was on the 6th that the Senate was organized, and on the same day the votes were counted. But not until the 30th of April was WASHINGTON inaugurated. In 1792 Congress resolved that the Presidential term of four years should begin "on the fourth day of March next succeeding the day on which the votes of the electors shall have been given." It was a date arbitrarily fixed for convenience by Congress, but it is mentioned in the twelfth amendment of the Constitution, which was adopted after the tie in the electoral votes of JEFFERSON and BURR in 1800. The proposed change, therefore, takes the form of a constitutional amendment.

It would be a great public convenience, arising from the pleasant season of the year, and it would prolong the second session of Congress. We have as yet seen no argument of importance against the proposed change.

THE TEST OF TIME.

THE Hartford *Courant* says of Mr. LOWELL'S decision not to deliver his address upon politics in Chicago before a Republican club:

> "In this he showed good taste, and it is possible that the progress of events in national politics will convince him that his Mugwump opinions will not stand the test of time."

Mr. LOWELL'S Mugwump opinions he stated plainly in a speech the next evening at the Harvard Club in Chicago, as follows:

> "Party organization is no doubt a very convenient thing; but a great many people feel—and I feel very strongly with them—that when loyalty to party means disloyalty to country, and means what it seems to me is still worse, disloyalty to conscience, it is asking more than any good man or citizen should concede."

Does the Hartford *Courant* really think that such opinions, and conduct conformed to them, will not stand the test of time? And if it does think so, does it also think that the decay of such opinions would be an advantage to the country?

MONEY AT ELECTIONS.

A FORCIBLE answer to the question why clever and public-spirited young men do not enter political life is contained in the late speech of Mr. IVINS at the Commonwealth Club. The answer is that few such men can afford to pay for office. The facts and figures cited by Mr. IVINS are very instructive. Under the law requiring the appointment of Supervisors and Marshals in every election district a fund of $291,000 is necessary, which is practically used, if not to buy, yet to assure and guarantee, the votes of at least ten persons in every district, so that about three per cent. of the voters are employed in or about the elections as officers of the law.

The city paid the Assembly district leaders last year about $330,000, or an average of $4750 for each of the seventy-two leaders. The amount received at present is $242,000, of which Tammany gets about $119,000, the County Democracy $90,000, and the Republicans $32,000. This is the permanent investment in the leadership of the machines, while not less than $750,000 more is invested in "political captains, leeches, and hangers-on." When the County Clerk and Register were both feed officers, $15,000 to $40,000 was not regarded as too high a price to pay for them, and there were three or four persons who received $3000 to $5000 each from these offices who did no service whatever. Mr. IVINS says that he has heard that JOHN KELLY always made each of these officers pay him $10,000 a year, to be used in State politics.

Assembly and Senatorial candidates are assessed from $5 to $30. When BRADLEY and O'BRIEN were candidates for the Senate, each of them is reported to have spent $50,000. The total sum paid in an average year would be $211,200.

> "Two Aldermanic candidates, at $15 per district, for 812 districts, $24,360; two Assembly candidates, at $10 per district, for 812 districts, $16,240; two candidates for Senator or Congress, at $25 per election district, $40,600; four candidates for Judgeships, at $10,000 each, $40,000; two candidates for Mayor, at $20,000 each, $40,000; two candidates for a county office, at $10,000, $20,000; two candidates for Comptroller, at $10,000, $20,000; two candidates for District Attorney, at $5000, $10,000."

At the last election 219,992 votes were polled, and more than twenty per cent. of the voters received money for their election-day services. Mr. IVINS'S close familiarity with municipal affairs and political methods certifies the accuracy of his statements. The moral is evident. The necessary expenses of elections are very large, and they should be assumed by the State and city, and candidates should be prohibited from giving money for election purposes. If the voters choose to provide the spectacular paraphernalia of a canvass, to march in huge processions amid the roar of cannon and the blaze of fire-works, it is their privilege. But all that law can do to prevent the sale of public offices should be done. The English law limits the amount to be spent. But a law providing for the payment of election expenses from the public treasury, prohibiting all gifts of money for election purposes by candidates, and requiring prompt and detailed publication of the items of expenditure, would be of the utmost service.

PERSONAL.

THE veteran actor JOHN GILBERT is again delighting the audiences at Wallack's Theatre by asking the familiar question, "When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect?" As Sir Peter Teazle, in SHERIDAN'S *School for Scandal*, Mr. GILBERT long ago was *facile princeps*, and even now the American stage can show no impersonation of that character to equal it in fitness and vitality.

—One of the best friends of American art is Mr. W. T. EVANS, of Jersey City. Two of the brightest young painters of this epoch received from him $200 a month each while executing an order, which enabled them for the first time to paint an important work under adequate conditions. Mr. EVANS'S fine private gallery of nearly one hundred American pictures is constantly receiving accessions.

—Bishop HENRY C. POTTER is a familiar figure in the streets of New York, carrying a small purple bag that contains books and MSS., and greeted by citizens of all faiths with the profoundest respect. In his first sermon since his return from Europe he told his congregation that, in order to believe, it is necessary to cultivate the spiritual sense of sight, just as a musical ear is necessary to the appreciation of WAGNER.

—Mr. GEORGE INNESS, the artist, much admires a view of distant woodlands seen from the window of a railway car at Kearney, New Jersey, on his daily trip from his studio in New York to his home at Montclair. It is so fine, he says, as to make him feel like throwing away his paint-brushes.

—"I was born," says Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, "in a period which I will call the Fourth of July period of our existence. We had been getting on triumphantly. The most of you are too young to remember that time, but I remember it very well. We thought of ourselves very much as if we were little Jack Horner. We put in our thumb and pulled out a plum, and I think we were too much in the habit of saying, 'What a good boy am I!'"

—Last summer Dr. TALMAGE took his congregation on a trip to Alexandria Bay; next summer he will marshal them on board the steam-boat *Pilgrim* and sail for Martha's Vineyard, where they will be received with a profuse display of fire-works.

—Journalists work hard and sink their personality. For twelve years Mr. WILLIAM J. KENNY, of the *Times*, has done so, and now some friends have presented him with a gold watch and chain, the case bearing the inscription, "WILLIAM J. KENNY, from his associates on the staff of the New York *Times*, 1876–1887;" and have given him a complimentary dinner.

—When visiting the Confederate army, twenty-five years ago, General Lord WOLSELEY described General LEE as "a splendid specimen of an English gentleman, with one of the most rarely handsome faces I ever saw. Every one who approaches him does so with marked respect, although there is none of that bowing and flourishing of forage-caps which occurs in the presence of European generals; and whilst all honor him and place implicit faith in his courage and ability, those with whom he is most intimate feel for him the affection of sons to a father."

—The name of OSWALD OTTENDORFER has long been associated with several of our wisest charities, and now Mr. OTTENDORFER proposes to rebuild and enlarge the late Mrs. OTTENDORFER'S Home for Old Ladies, so that it shall offer accommodations for old men also. The land alone will cost $65,000, and the enterprise will be in charge of an offshoot from the German Benevolent Society, which has had a successful career of one hundred years. May the generous founder live as long!

—Mr. W. D. HOWELLS celebrated his fiftieth birthday last week at his home in Boston. He writes three or four hours daily, and spends most of his afternoons and evenings in reading current literature. He thinks that, as books usually contain the best there is of their authors, a reviewer should at least read them carefully.

—The Rev. JOHN MILES, pastor of a Chicago Baptist church, announced from the pulpit on the Sunday following St. Valentine's Day that he should resign, the reason being the receipt by him of an offensive valentine. On examination it was found that the document at which Mr. MILES had taken offence was a comic representation of a divinity student on his way to school.

—Mr. JOHN G. WHITTIER thinks that if the lagging fund for the LONGFELLOW memorial is ever to be made up, it cannot be done otherwise than by vigorous personal solicitation.

—The Boston Paint and Clay Club, which is a close little corporation of clever artists, has found a way of avoiding trouble in its exhibitions. Each member has a section of wall reserved for him, where he may put as many pictures as it will hold, and hang them as he chooses.

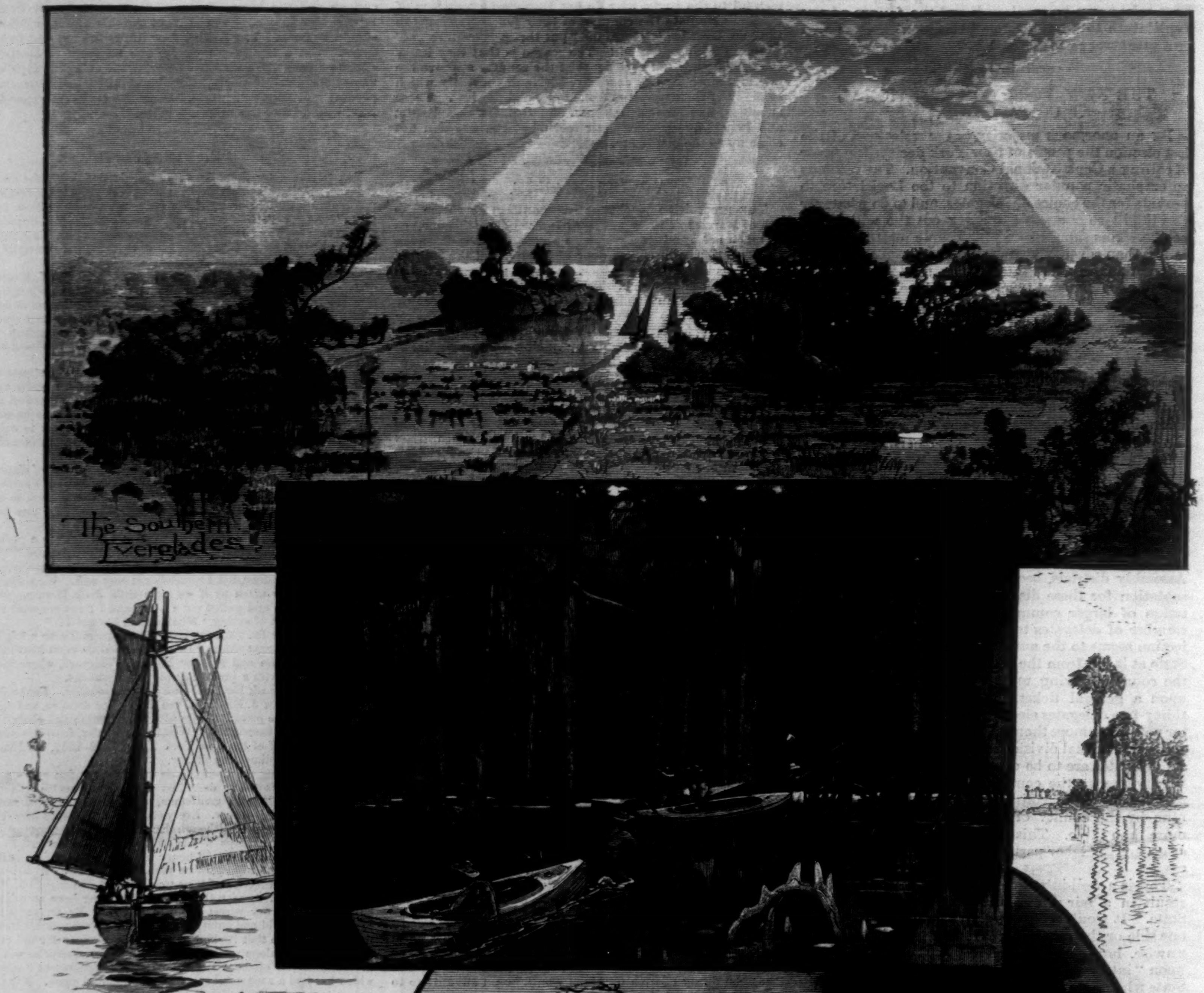
—Mr. H. H. KITSON, who modelled certain of the groups upon the Hartford war memorial arch, is to do a bust in bronze of Governor AMES, of Massachusetts. His bronze figure "The Music of the Seas" has also found a purchaser.

—Professor GOODWIN, of Harvard, was interested to see at Olympia, in Greece, where the Olympian Games used to be played, some human bones excavated from the ruins, and enclosed in kerosene oil cans, each of which was labelled "Philadelphia."

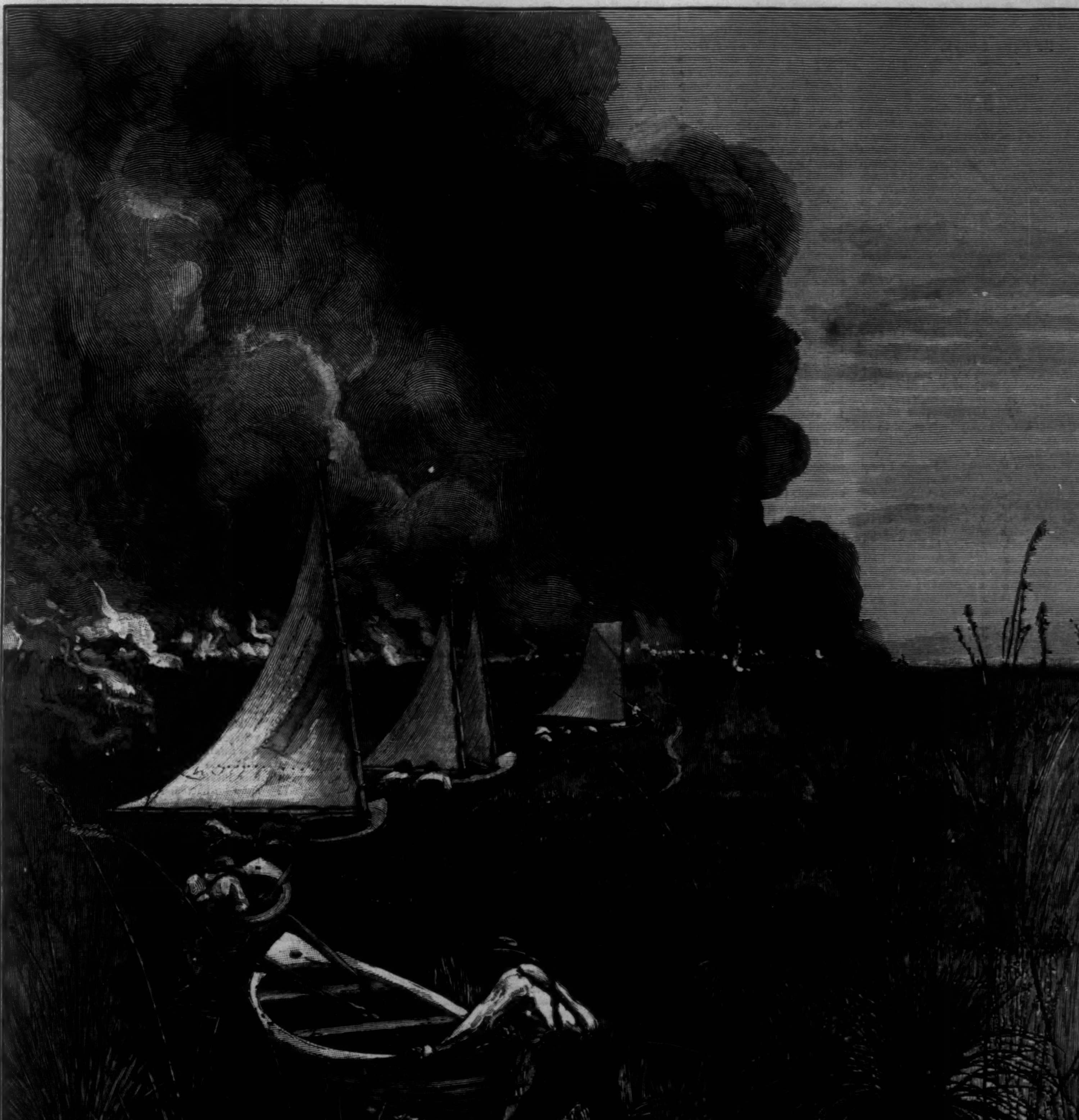
—A large clothing establishment will soon occupy the site of the Middle Collegiate Church. At the last service held in the edifice previous to its demolition the pastor, Dr. T. W. CHAMBERS, preached a sermon from the text: "It is finished." The stones for fifty years in the walls will be transported to Elizabethport, New Jersey, for use in the erection of a Roman Catholic church.

—Dr. J. C. CUTTER, who has done admirable work as Professor of Physiology and Comparative Anatomy in the Agricultural College at Sapporo, Japan, during the last eight years, is returning to this country. The *Japan Daily Mail*, in a highly complimentary editorial, says, "We are in a position to assure him that he leaves behind him many grateful students, with whom we join in wishing him a prosperous career."

—BORDEN P. BOWNE, Professor of Philosophy in the Boston University, is thus characterized by a writer in the *Pleiad*, the Albion College monthly: "While yet a student he surprised the literary world with his trenchant criticism of HERBERT SPENCER. Graduating from the University of the City of New York, he spent some years in Germany, where the influence of HERMAN LOTZE gave direction to his mind. Professor BOWNE can think as rapidly as an ordinary mind can read. He already has published three works, of which his *Metaphysics* is the most pretentious, and he has in course of preparation others which will appear in due time. Professor BOWNE is the wit of the school, the constant delight of the intelligent, but the terror of evil-doers." Professor BOWNE'S latest work is his *Introduction to Psychological Theory*, published last month by HARPER & BROTHERS.


The Southern Everglades.
Shark River.
Lake Okeechobee
A deserted camp on Okeechobee.
HF

THE EVERGLADES OF FLORIDA.—DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM SKETCHES BY WOLF HARLANDER.—[SEE PAGE 183.]



PUSHING THROUGH THE EVERGLADES.—Drawn by Harry Fenn from Sketches by Wolf Harlander.—[See Page 183.]

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

As we go to press with this number of the Weekly, Henry Ward Beecher lies between death and life. There is a faint possibility that his physical life may be briefly prolonged, but his mental activity is ended. That, in the opinion of his physicians, must be the result of the apoplexy and paralysis from which he is now suffering. This famous son of Lyman Beecher, himself a notable pulpit orator, and of Roxana Foote, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813. He was a bashful lad, with a poor memory and imperfect speech. Then his writing was bad, his spelling worse, and his Latin exercises suspiciously good. It was at Amherst College, where he was graduated in 1834, that his primacy among his associates was first developed. He was the best talker of his class, and he lectured frequently upon phrenology, temperance, and slavery. Thus his earliest efforts were concerned with topics which were later to set the world aflame. From Amherst he went to Lane Theological Seminary at a time when a controversy was raging between his father, representing the New School, and Dr. Wilson, representing Calvinism. Thus his theology, like his politics, was born and formed in heated times. He took the first opportunity which offered, and began preaching at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, near Cincinnati. His hearers were of the humblest sort, and his stay was brief. Chance threw among his audience the President of the Bank of Indiana, who took the now rising preacher to Indianapolis, where he staid eight years. Still his surroundings were of primitive simplicity. He made his own garden, did his own chores, painted his house with his own hands, and preached good sermons. His "Lectures to Young Men" inspired a committee of the congregation which was to become Plymouth Church with a desire to know more of him. On May 16, 1847, he preached for them. Since then the church has had no other pastor, and every Sunday when he was in the pulpit the building has been crowded to the doors. This is only a part, a small part, of the life work of the marvellous intellect now fading out. His labors on the *Independent* and *Christian Union* would alone mark him as an unusual man, while his volumes are basis enough for fame. Perhaps the best known of all was his novel *Norwood*, and the most pretentious was his unfinished *Life of Christ*, while his solidest work was his *Yale Lectures on Preaching*. In 1849, 1863, and 1886 he made trips abroad, and his lectures in England in war times are memorable even in his career. Scarcely ever did orator face more hostile audiences upon more trying topics. That he was always equal to the occasion is faint tribute to the triumphs of his eloquence. When he returned he was, "next to Abraham Lincoln, the most honored man in the United States." Only one shadow, but a deep one, falls across the brightness of his career. In June, 1874, Theodore Tilton, who had been employed by H. C. Bowen to report Mr. Beecher's sermons, publicly said he held him responsible for his domestic unhappiness. A church council declared that Mr. Beecher was blameless; but the case was taken before a jury, which deliberated for a week. They disagreed, but nine were for the defendant. After this another church council sustained the first, and Mr. Beecher's usefulness survived. In 1837 he married, after an engagement of seven years, Eunice White Bullard, who still lives. He has also a daughter, Mrs. Scoville, and three sons, William, Herbert, and Henry Barton. The fine portrait of Mr. Beecher which we reproduce on our front page is the result of sittings given Mr. Dielman last year.

The Crusade of the "Excelsior."[*]

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER X.

NOTWITHSTANDING his promise and the summons of the Council, Father Esteban, on parting with the *Excelsior* prisoners in the San Antonio road, did not proceed immediately to the presence of the Comandante. Partly anxious to inform himself more thoroughly regarding Hurlstone's antecedents before entering upon legislative functions that might concern him, partly uneasy at Brace's allusion to any possible ungentleness in the treatment of the fair Americanas, and partly apprehensive that Mrs. Brimmer might seek him at the Mission in the present emergency, the good Father turned his steps toward the Alcalde's house.

Mrs. Brimmer, in a becoming morning wrapper, half reclining in an Indian hammock in the corridor, supported by Miss Chubb, started at his approach. So did the young Alcalde, sympathetically seated at her side. Padre Esteban for an instant was himself embarrassed; Mrs. Brimmer quickly recovered her usual bewildering *naïveté*.

"I knew you would come, but if you hadn't I should have mustered courage enough to go with Miss Chubb to find you at the Mission," she said, half coquettishly. "Not but that Don Ramon has been all kindness and consideration, but you know one always clings to one's spiritual adviser in such an emergency; and although there are differences of opinion between us, I think I may speak to you as freely as I would speak to my dear friend Dr. Potts, of Trinity Chapel. Of course you didn't know *him*; but you couldn't have helped liking him, he's so gentle, so tactful, so refined! But do tell me the fullest particulars of this terrible calamity that has happened so awkwardly. Tell me all! I fear that Don Ramon, out of kindness, has not told me everything. *I* have been perfectly frank, *I* told him everything—who I am, who Mr. Brimmer is, and given him even the connections of my friend Miss Chubb. I can do no more; but you will surely have no difficulty in finding some one in Todos Santos who has heard of the Quincys and Brimmers. I've no doubt that there are books in your library that mention them. Of course I can say nothing of the other passengers, except that Mr. Brimmer would not have probably permitted me to associate with any notorious persons. I confess, now, I think I told you once before, Clarissa, that I greatly doubted Captain Bunker's ability—"

"Ah," murmured Don Ramon.

"—To make a social selection," continued Mrs. Brimmer. "He may have been a good sailor and boxed his compass, but he lacked a knowledge of the world. Of the other passengers I can truly say I know nothing; I cannot think that Mr. Crosby's sense of humor led him into bad associations, or that he ever went beyond verbal impropriety. Certainly nothing in Miss Keene's character has led me to believe she could so far forget what was due to herself and to us as to address a lawless mob in the streets as she did just now; although her friend Mrs. Markham, as I just told Don Ramon, is an advocate of Women's Rights and Female Suffrage, and I believe she contemplates addressing the public from the lecturer's platform."

"It isn't possible!" interrupted Don Ramon, excitedly, in mingled horror of the masculinely rampant Mrs. Markham, and admiration of the fascinatingly feminine Mrs. Brimmer. "A lady cannot be an orator—a haranguer of men!"

"Not in society," responded Mrs. Brimmer, with a sigh; "and I do not remember to have met the lady before. The fact is, she does not move in our circle—in the upper classes."

The Alcalde exchanged a glance with the Padre. "Ah! you have classes? and she is of a distinct class, perhaps?"

"Decidedly," said Mrs. Brimmer, promptly.

"Pardon me," said Padre Esteban, with gentle persuasiveness, "but you are speaking of your fellow-passengers. Know you not, then, of one Hurlstone, who is believed to be still in the ship *Excelsior*, and perhaps of the party who seized it?"

"Mr. Hurlstone?—it is possible; but I know really nothing of him," said Mrs. Brimmer, carelessly. "I don't think Clarissa did, either—did you, dear? Even in our enforced companionship we had to use some reserve, and we may have drawn the line at him. He was a friend of Miss Keene's; indeed, she was the only one who seemed to know him."

"And she is now here?" asked the Padre, eagerly.

"No. She is with her friend, the Señora Markham, at the Presidio. The Comandante has given her the disposition of his house," said Don Ramon, with a glance of grave archness at Mrs. Brimmer; "it is not known which is the most favored, the eloquent orator or the beautiful and daring leader."

"Mrs. Markham is a married woman," said Mrs. Brimmer, severely, "and, of course, she can do as she pleases; but it is far different with Miss Keene. *I* should scarcely consider it proper to expose Miss Chubb to the hospitality of a single man, without other women, and I cannot understand how she could leave the companionship and protection of your lovely sisters."

The priest here rose, and with formal politeness excused himself, urging the peremptory summons of the Council. "I scarcely expected, indeed, to have had the pleasure of seeing my colleague here," he added, with quiet suavity, turning to the Alcalde.

"I have already expressed my views to the Comandante," said the official, with some embarrassment, "and my attendance will hardly be required."

The occasional misleading phosphorescence of Mrs. Brimmer's quiet eyes, early alluded to in these pages, did not escape Father Esteban's quick perception at that moment; however, he preferred to leave his companion to follow its aberrations rather than permit that fair *ignis fatuus* to light him on his way by it. "But my visit to you, Father Esteban," she began, sweetly, "is only postponed—"

"Until I have the pleasure of anticipating it here," said the priest, with paternal politeness, bending before the two ladies; "but for the present, *au revoir!*"

"It would be an easy victory to win this discreetly emotional Americana to the Church," said Father Esteban to himself, as he crossed the plaza; "but, if I mistake not, she would not cease to be a disturbing element even there. However, she is not such as would give this Hurlstone any trouble. It seems I must look elsewhere for the brains of this party, and to find a solution of this young man's mystery; and, if I judge correctly, it is with this beautiful young agitator of revolutions and her oratorical duenna I must deal."

He entered the low gateway of the Presidio unchallenged, and even traversed the court-yard without meeting a soul. The guard and sentries had evidently withdrawn to their habitual peaceful avocations, and the former mediæval repose of the venerable building had returned. There was no one in the guard-room; but as the priest turned back to the corridor, his quick ear was suddenly startled by the unhallowed and inconsistent sounds of a guitar. A monotonous voice also—the Comandante's evidently—was raised in a thin, high recitative.

The Padre passed hastily through the guard-room, and opened the door of the passage leading to the garden slope. Here an extraordinary group presented itself to his astonished eyes. In the shadow of a palm-tree Mrs. Markham, seated on her Saratoga trunk as on a throne, was gazing blandly down upon the earnest features of the Commander, who, at her feet, guitar in hand, was evidently repeating some musical composition. His subaltern sat near him, divided in admiration of his chief and the guest. Miss Keene, at a little distance, aided by the secretary, was holding an animated conversation with a short, stout, Sancho-Panza-looking man, whom the Padre recognized as the doctor of Todos Santos.

At the apparition of the reverend Father, the Commander started, the subaltern stared, and even the secretary and the doctor looked discomposed. "I am decidedly *de trop* this morning," soliloquized the ecclesiastic; but Miss Keene cut short his reflection by running to him frankly, with outstretched hand. "I'm so glad that you have come," she said, with a youthful, unrestrained earnestness that was as convincing as it was fascinating, "for you will help me to persuade this gentleman that poor Captain Bunker is suffering more from excitement of mind than body, and that bleeding him is more than folly."

"The man's veins are in a burning fever and delirium from aguardiente," said the little doctor, excitedly, "and the fire must first be put out by the lancet."

"He is only crazy with remorse for having lost his ship through his own carelessness and the treachery of others," said Miss Keene, doughtily.

"He is a maniac and will kill himself, unless his fever is subdued," persisted the doctor.

"And you would surely kill him by your way of subduing it," said the young girl, boldly. "Better for him, a disgraced man of honor, to die by his own hand, than to be bled like a calf into a feeble and helpless dissolution. I would, if I were in his place—if I had to do it by tearing off the bandages."

She made a swift, half-unconscious gesture of her little hand, and stopped, her beautiful eyes sparkling, her thin pink nostrils dilated, her red lips parted, her round throat lifted in the air, and one small foot advanced before her. The men glanced hurriedly at each other, and then fixed their eyes upon her with a rapt yet frightened admiration. To their simple minds it was Anarchy and Revolution personified, beautiful, and victorious.

"Ah!" said the secretary to Don Esteban, in Spanish; "it is true. She knows not fear. She was in the room alone with the madman; he would let none approach but her. She took a knife from him, else the medico had suffered."

"He recognized her, you see. Ah! they know her power," said the Comandante, joining the group.

"You will help me, Father Esteban?" said the young girl, letting the fire of her dark eyes soften to a look of almost childish appeal; "you will help me to intercede for him? It is the restraint only that is killing him—that is goading him to madness. Think of him, father—think of him: ruined and disgraced, dying to retrieve himself by any reckless action, any desperate chance of recovery, and yet locked up where he can do nothing—attempt nothing—not even lift a hand to pursue the man who has helped to bring him to this."

"But he *can* do nothing. The ship is gone," remonstrated the Comandante.

"Yes, the ship is gone; but the ocean is still there," said Miss Keene.

"But he has no boat."

"He will find or make one."

"And the fog conceals the channel."

"He can go where *they* have gone, or meet their fate. You do not know my countrymen, Señor Comandante," she said, proudly.

"Ah, yes—pardon! They are at San Antonio—the baker, the buffoon, the two young men who dig. They are already baking and digging and joking. We have it from my officer, who has just returned."

Miss Keene bit her pretty lips. "They think it is a mistake; they cannot believe that any intentional indignity is offered them," she said, quietly. "Perhaps it is well they do not."

"They desired me to express their condolences to the señora," said the Padre, with exasperating gentleness, "and were relieved to be assured by me of your perfect security in the hands of these gentlemen."

Miss Keene raised her clear eyes to the ecclesiastic. That accomplished diplomate of Todos Santos absolutely felt confused under the cool scrutiny of this girl's unbiassed and unsophisticated intelligence. "Then you *have* seen them," she said, "and you know their innocence, and the utter absurdity of this surveillance?"

"I have not seen them *all*," said the priest, softly. "There is still another—a Señor Hurlstone—who is missing. Is he not?"

It was not in the possibility of Eleanor Keene's truthful blood to do other than respond with a slight color to this question. She had already concealed from every one the fact of having seen the missing man in the Mission garden the evening before. It did not, however, prevent her the next moment from calmly meeting the glance of the priest as she answered, gravely, "I believe so. But I cannot see what that has to do with the detention of the others."

"Much, perhaps. It has been said that you alone, my child, were in the confidence of this man."

"Who dared say that?" exclaimed Miss Keene, in English, forgetting herself in her indignation.

"If it's anything mean, it's Mrs. Brimmer, I'll bet a cooky," said Mrs. Markham, whose linguistic deficiencies had debarred her from the previous conversation.

"You have only," continued the priest, without noticing the interruption, "to tell us what you know of this Hurlstone's plans—of his complicity with Señor Perkins, or—" he added, significantly, "his opposition to them—to insure that perfect justice shall be done to all."

Relieved that the question involved no disclosure of her only secret regarding Hurlstone, Miss Keene was about to repeat the truth that she had no confidential knowledge of him, or of his absurd alleged connection with Señor Perkins, when, with an instinct of tact, she hesitated. Might she not serve them all—even Hurlstone himself—by saying nothing, and leaving the burden of proof to their idiotic accusers? Was she altogether sure that Hurlstone was entirely ignorant of Señor Perkins's plans, or might he not have refused at the last moment to join in the conspiracy and so left the ship?

"I will not press you for your answer now," said the priest, gently. "But you will not, I know, keep back anything that may throw a light on this sad affair, and perhaps help to reinstate your friend Mr. Hurlstone in his *real* position."

"If you ask me if I believe that Mr. Hurlstone had anything to do with this conspiracy, I should say, unhesitatingly, that I do *not*. And more, I believe that he would have jumped overboard rather than assent to so infamous an act," said the young girl, boldly.

"Then you think he had no other motive for leaving the ship?" said the priest, slowly.

"Decidedly not." She stopped; a curious anxious look in the Padre's persistent eyes both annoyed and frightened her. "What other motive could he have?" she said, coldly.

Father Esteban's face lightened. "I only ask because I think you would have known it. Thank you for the assurance, all the same, and in return I promise you I will use my best endeavors with the Comandante for your friend the Captain Bunker. Adieu, my daughter. Adieu, Madame Markham," he said, as, taking the arm of Don Miguel, he turned with him and the doctor toward the guard-room. The secretary lingered behind for a moment.

"Fear nothing," he said, in whispered English, to Miss Keene. "I, Ruy Sanchez, shall make you free of Capitano Bunker's cell;" and passed on.

"Well," said Mrs. Markham, when the two women were alone again, "I don't pretend to fathom the befogged brains of Todos Santos, but as far as I can understand their grown-up child's play, they are making believe this unfortunate Mr. Hurlstone, who may be dead for all we know, is in revolt against the United States government, which is supposed to be represented by Señor Perkins and the *Excelsior*—think of that!"

"But Perkins signed himself of the Quinquinambo navy!" said Miss Keene, wonderingly.

"That is firmly believed by those idiots to be one of *our* States. Remember they know nothing of what has happened anywhere in the last fifty years. I dare say they never heard of filibusters like Perkins, and they couldn't comprehend him if they had. I've given up trying to enlighten them, and I think they're grateful for it. It makes their poor dear heads ache."

"And it is quite turning mine. But, for Heaven's sake, tell me what part I am supposed to act in this farce," said Miss Keene.

"You are the friend and colleague of Hurlstone; don't you see?" said Mrs. Markham. "You are two beautiful young patriots—don't blush, my dear!—endeared to each other and a common cause, and ready to die for your country in opposition to Perkins, and the faint-heartedness of such neutrals as Mrs. Brimmer, Miss Chubb, the poor captain, and all the men whom they have packed off to San Antonio."

"Impossible!" said Miss Keene, yet with an uneasy feeling that it not only was possible, but that she herself had contributed something to the delusion. "But how do they account for my friendship with *you*—you, who are supposed to be a correspondent, an accomplice, of Perkins?"

"No, no," returned Mrs. Markham, with a half-serious smile, "*I* am not allowed that honor; *I* am presumed to be only the disconsolate Dulcinea of Perkins, abandoned by *him*, pitied by you, and converted to the true faith—at least that is what I make out from the broken English of that little secretary of the Commander."

Miss Keene winced. "That's all my fault, dear," she said, suddenly entwining her arms round Mrs. Markham, and hiding her half-embarrassed smile on the shoulder of her strong-minded friend. "They suggested it to me, and I half assented to save you. Please forgive me."

"Don't think I am blaming you, my dear Eleanor," said Mrs. Markham. "For Heaven's sake assent to the wildest and most extravagant hypothesis they can offer if it will leave us free to arrange our own plans for getting away. I begin to think we were not a very harmonious party on the *Excelsior*, and most of our troubles here are owing to that. We forget we have fallen among a lot of original saints, as guileless and as unsophisticated as our first parents, who know nothing of our customs or antecedents. They have accepted us on what they believe to be our own showing. From first to last we've underrated them, forgetting they are in the majority. We can't expect to correct the ignorance of fifty years in twenty-four hours, and I, for one, sha'n't attempt it. I'd much rather trust to the character those people would conceive of me from their own consciousness than to one Mrs. Brimmer or Mr. Winslow would give of me. From this moment I've taken a firm resolve to leave my reputation and the reputation of my friends entirely in their hands. If you are wise, you will do the same. They are inclined to worship you; don't hinder them. My belief is, if we only take things quietly, we might find worse places to be stranded on than Todos Santos. If Mrs. Brimmer will keep her mouth shut, and those men of ours, who, I dare say, have acted as silly as the Mexicans themselves, will only be quiet, we can have our own way here yet."

"And poor Captain Bunker?" said Miss Keene.

"It seems hard to say it, but, in my opinion, he is better under lock and key, for everybody's good, at present. He'd be a firebrand in the town if he got away. Meantime let us go to our room. It is about the time when everybody is taking a siesta, and for two hours, thank Heaven! we're certain nothing more can happen."

"I'll join you in a moment," said Miss Keene. Her quick ear had caught the sound of voices approaching. As Mrs. Markham disappeared in the passage, the Commander and his party reappeared from the guard-room, taking leave of Padre Esteban. The secretary, as he passed Miss Keene, managed to add to his formal salutation the whispered words, "When the Angelus rings I will await you before the grating of his prison."

Padre Esteban was too preoccupied to observe this incident. As soon as he quitted the Presidio he hastened to the Mission with a disquieting fear that his strange guest might have vanished. But crossing the silent refectory, and opening the door of the little apartment, he was relieved to find him stretched on the pallet in a profound slumber. The peacefulness of the venerable walls had laid a gentle finger on his weary eyelids.

The Padre glanced round the little cell, and back again at the handsome suffering face that seemed to have found surcease and rest in the narrow walls, with a stirring of regret. But the next moment he awakened the sleeper, and in the briefest, almost frigid, sentences related the events of the morning.

The young man rose to his feet with a bitter laugh. "You see," he said, "God is against me! And yet a few hours ago I dared to think that He had guided me to a haven of rest and forgetfulness!"

"Have you told the truth to Him and to me?" said the priest, sternly, "or have you—a mere political refugee—taken advantage of an old man's weakness to forge a foolish lie of sentimental passion?"

"What do you mean?" said Hurlstone, turning upon him almost fiercely.

The priest rose, and drawing a folded paper from his bosom, opened it before the eyes of his indignant guest. "Remember what you told me last night in the sacred confidences of yonder holy church, and hear what you really are from the lips of the Council of Todos Santos."

Smoothing out the paper, he read slowly as follows:

"Whereas, it being presented to an Emergency Council, held at the Presidio of Todos Santos, that the foreign barque *Excelsior* had mutinied, discharged her captain and passengers, and escaped from the waters of the bay, it was, on examination, found and decreed that the said barque was a vessel primarily owned by a foreign power, then and there confessed and admitted to be at war with Mexico, and equipped to invade one of her northern provinces. But that the God of Liberty and Justice awakening in the breasts of certain patriots—to wit, the heroic Señor Diego Hurlstone and the invincible Doña Leonor—the courage and discretion to resist the tyranny and injustice of their oppressors, caused them to mutiny and abandon the vessel rather than become accomplices, in the company of certain neutral and non-combatant traders and artisans, severally known as Brace, Banks, Winslow, and Crosby; and certain aristocrats, known as the Señoras Brimmer and Chubb. In consideration thereof it is discreed by the Council of Todos Santos that asylum, refuge, hospitality, protection, amity, and alliance be offered and extended to the patriots Señor Diego Hurlstone, Doña Leonor, and a certain Duenna Susana Markham, particularly attached to Doña Leonor's person; and that war, reprisal, banishment, and death be declared against Señor Perkins, his unknown aiders and abettors. And that for the purposes of probation and in the interests of clemency provisional parole shall be extended to the alleged neutrals—Brace, Banks, Crosby, and Winslow—within the limits and boundaries of the lazaretto of San Antonio, until their neutrality shall be establish-

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1568.

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ed, and pending the further pleasure of the Council. And it is further decreed and declared that one Capitano Bunker, formerly of the *Excelsior*, but now a maniac and lunatic—being irresponsible and visited of God—shall be exempted from the ordinances of this decree until his reason shall be restored; and during that interval subjected to the ordinary remedial and beneficent restraint of civilization and humanity. By order of the Council,

"The signatures and rubrics of
"Don Miguel Briones, Comandante.
"Padre Esteban, of the Order of San Francisco d'Assisis.
"Don Ramon Ramirez, Alcalde of the Pueblo of Todos Santos."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLIMPSES OF THE EVERGLADES.

The Everglades of southern Florida comprise an area of some 4000 square miles. Of this domain about two-thirds is generally regarded as irreclaimable, uninhabitable, and almost impenetrable. The Atlantic, washing the eastern border, is shallow for miles from the shore. There are no approaches inviting to the traveller, few inducements within to prolong his visit.

A section bordering the extreme northern Everglades, comprising the Lake Okeechobee region, is becoming subjected to the uses of agriculture by an extensive drainage system projected by the Atlantic and Gulf Coast Canal and Okeechobee Land Company. The lake, covering an area of 1000 square miles, was found to be twenty-two feet above high tide, and by means of a canal connecting it with the Caloosahatchee River on the west, its level has been materially lowered, and a system of interior navigation made is now open. As the water gradually lowers, hundreds of thousands of acres of choice land are exposed.

The vaster domain of the Everglades lying to the south of Lake Okeechobee may be regarded as an aquatic jungle, wild, weird, and tangled in wonderful semi-tropic vegetation, intermingled with masses of chaotic rocks. To say that the Everglades are entirely impenetrable is not in accordance with fact. It is true that the United States Engineers have failed to explore the region, as directed at various times by the War Department; also that the enterprise of the New York *Herald*, successfully directed in other ventures, failed in the south of Florida. One meets, however, an occasional adventurous spirit who has penetrated the Everglades and brought back a wealth of incidents and sketches illustrative of his trip by sail and paddle. The most pretentious and valuable exploration of the Everglades yet made was projected by Major Edward A. Burke, proprietor of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. The expedition was conducted by Major A. P. Williams, and consisted of a dozen men, canoes, and sail-boats. The party entered the Everglades at the most southern point of Lake Okeechobee, running a nearly straight line through White Water Bay on the southwest coast of Florida, where it arrived after twenty days. Much of the path through the Glades had to be literally cut and burned, owing to the excessive growth of scrub willow, sawgrass, custard-apple, etc. During the progress of the party, eight rivers were discovered and explored, and innumerable islands named. Explorations by direction of Major Burke may be said to have been more or less continuous in this region during the past several years. The sketches used in connection with this article are the outgrowth of these explorations, and were prepared originally for the private entertainment of Major Burke by Wolf Harlander.

If one had the advantage of an elevated position at the camp of Tiger Tail, and the same rare atmosphere which pervades the valley of Great Salt Lake, the spectacle visible for one hundred miles to the south would differ from any other to be seen on the globe. A thousand square miles of tall sawgrass would be seen spreading out nearly in the shape of an artist's palette. Toward the far end would be seen series of little inland lakes fed with miniature rivers, each lakelet system having the appearance of a cuttle-fish. Interblending with the lakes thousands of islands would be visible far beyond the sawgrass sea. The flutter of bird life in the air would be like the Milky Way at night, and the swarms of insects like a distant sand-storm on the Sahara. Such is the great floating marsh of Florida, ocean-washed on the east and south, cypress-barricaded on the west.

The Everglades present a world of vegetable life of a semi-tropical character. The India-rubber-tree abounds in sufficient growth to suggest its subjection to utility. Many of the trees are of large size, varying from twenty to fifty feet in height, and having diameters often exceeding two feet. Their growth is suggestive of many purely tropical species, the limbs bending over and taking root in the soil. When notched they emit a white fluid in large quantities, which gradually thickens and becomes dark in color. The cabbage-palms are the most conspicuous objects throughout the region. They grow on all islands and on the outskirts. Their appearance in a wind-storm is very much like a cluster of inverted umbrellas braced against a gale. The cypress presents the same peculiar appearance here as elsewhere. Its roots bend over, above ground and water, with an appearance not unlike a human knee when doubled. These innumerable projections, appropriately termed "cypress knees," are undoubtedly the culmination of an effort on the part of nature to propagate new trees, with the result of producing rudimentary trunks. Button-wood, ash, and other trees are found on the islands, and intersperse the environing clumps of woodland. The most dense semi-tropical growth lies between Lake Okeechobee and the sawgrass. Here is a belt of trees comprising every species of the region, thickly interlaced with the vines of gourd, and often forming a solid, almost impenetrable, wall.

As one follows the small streams feeding the lake, the roots of the vines and trees gradually conjoin beneath, and the branches interweave overhead, until a corridor is formed, which at last terminates abruptly. The vines are weighted with gourds in profusion, which are small in size, and look as if they had been polished at a lapidary. As one passes south from the lake, the aquatic jungle is succeeded by a swamp of custard-apples; then follows a swamp of warm-pea and scrub willow; then a swamp of marsh-grass, which connects with the great domain of sawgrass. The warm-pea is a remarkable aquatic plant, somewhat resembling the water-lily. It grows thickly in large ponds, and its roots produce a terrible burning and stinging sensation when in contact with the flesh. The leaves of the warm-pea are often very large, exceeding one foot in diameter. The scrub willow grows to a height of some five feet. The stem is slender, but the roots grow to enormous size comparatively. The marsh-grass and sawgrass greatly resemble each other, each occupying its own territory. The sawgrass is high, stiff, and cutting, often exceeding fifteen feet in height. Whites and Indians alike, in penetrating glades, find it necessary to take advantage of a wind blowing ahead of them, and burn their way.

The appearance of the middle and southern Everglades is that of a large inland sea, thickly dotted with islands, between which the water presents innumerable rocky projections and a mass of floating vegetation. The islands are the natural home of the cabbage-palm, wild-fig, and custard-apple trees. The soil on them is very thin, composed almost entirely of the débris of decayed plant life. The islands are often unstable, having an insecure foundation of roots; others rest on bed-rock, and can be trusted to remain in the same place overnight. One has to be careful, however, that the thin soil crust does not break through and bury the intruder many feet in soft mud. Cabbage Island is the most noted in the region. Here the Indians camp when crossing the Glades. Most of the islands during flood season are under water. None of them are large, or at most contain over three acres. The further south one travels the greater the height and size of the trees become, until in and about the head waters of Shark's River they expand into the great forest skirting the Gulf and Atlantic coasts.

Bird life in the Everglades is varied and interesting. Unfortunately the vast tribes of ducks, curlews, and other edible birds never migrate. These do not know what the sound of fire-arms means. They can be killed with a stick, and often taken in hand. It is unfortunate that they are satisfied with this secluded country. They fly but little, and their functions of flight are undergoing a process of degeneration. Their flesh is wormy, soft, and unfit to eat. As illustrative of the doctrine of natural selection, of course it is fortunate for them that they are non-migratory, otherwise they could become flesh for man and more or less destroyed. Unmolested as they are in the middle and southern Glades—there is no bird life in the sawgrass section—the numbers of birds of all kinds is enormous and of great annual increase. Here are a dozen species of herons, the water-turkey, buzzards, blackbirds, and others, which literally swarm down on the trees at night, and make the morning hideous with the din of cries and flap of wings. They war little with each other, as in most localities, but join in the general extermination of insect and molluscan life.

The alligator, which has been nearly exterminated in many localities, exists in vast numbers in the Everglades and environs. In many places these animals follow the canoe or other craft penetrating the grassy streams. At such times they resemble a flotilla, and are spoken of as a "flotilla of alligators." Sometimes they will approach a canoe and "nose" it with evident curiosity. If in the path of the canoe, or lying along its course, they will dive under it and join the flotilla in the rear. They are totally oblivious to fire-arms, and evidently take no notice of their members which have been shot and are writhing in death agonies. No doubt adventurous spirits will some day find here a fertile field for alligator-skins, which are now in fair demand.

Camping out in the Everglades has its difficulties, which cannot be entirely overcome. The air is alive with mosquitoes and other insect life, which lead a perpetual existence independent of seasons. The mosquito here is always in season, quite fashionable the year around. The ground is full of worms, which crawl over the sleeper or day-dreamer indifferently and by the million. The trees, which offer fine support and shade for the hammock, are inhabited with all manner of worm and insect life with and without legs; bugs, ticks, and other animals, minute in size but terrible in action, which drop wilfully or accidentally upon the sleeper and promenade with great effect. If one were even to escape these pests, the baying of alligators and serenades of the owls would keep him awake. For pure and unadulterated enjoyment the Everglades are not a paradise.

Fur-bearing mammals inhabit the Everglades in great numbers. The wild-cat is occasionally seen stretching on an India-rubber or other tree, and the deer and bear pursue prey, or are pursued, into the marsh. The sawgrass, where the stillness is as oppressive as within the folds of an arctic night, and the heat as stifling as in an African jungle, offers no inducements for fin, feather, scale, or hoof. The most notorious pests of this region are the leeches. These animals are as numerous within the water as the insects without. They do not hesitate to attack a boot, and failing to reach the flesh through the leather, make their way up the limbs and bore through the trousers. Even without the annoyance of the countless leeches, wading in the marsh is accompanied with great difficulties. The moccasin and other snakes are numerous. The mud is treacherous, and its depth uncertain. Beset by leeches and the warm-pea below water, by snakes and alligators at the surface, by swarming insect life above, wading here is indeed lively, entertaining, and full of incident.

William Hosea Ballou.

DANIEL B. LUCAS.

Senator Camden, of West Virginia, who was the candidate of his party in the Legislature for re-election, was so vigorously opposed by a part of the Democratic members that the entire session was consumed in a fruitless effort to elect him, or to make a combination by which some other candidate could be chosen. The opposition was mainly due to his alleged alliance with the railroad interests of the State and with the Standard Oil Company. One of his most vigorous and uncompromising opponents in the Legislature was Mr. Daniel Bedinger Lucas, of Charlestown, and immediately after the close of the session Lucas was appointed by Governor Wilson as Camden's successor.

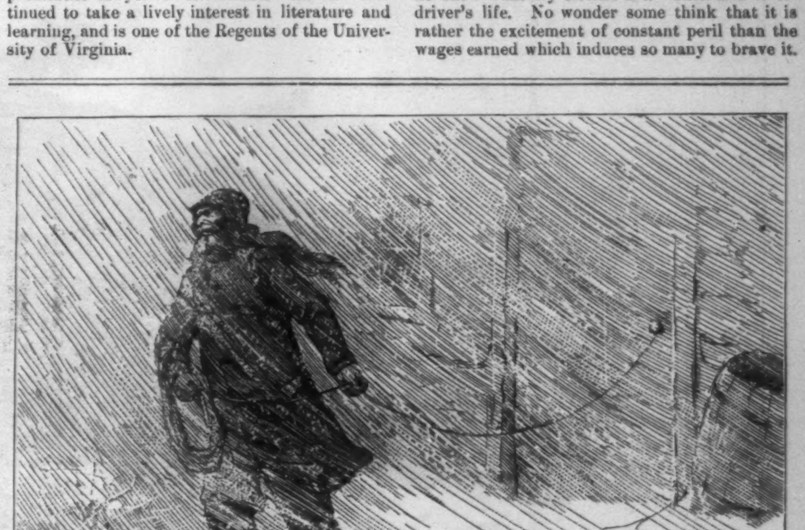
Mr. Lucas was born at Charlestown in 1836, and was the son of William Lucas, a member of Congress in the days of Jackson. He was graduated at the University of Virginia, and was somewhat distinguished as a poet in college. When the University celebrated its semicentenary in 1875, he was the poet of the occasion. Some years ago he published a volume of poems entitled *The Maid of Northumberland*. After leaving college he studied law, but during the war he served as private secretary to Governor Wise. After the war he opened a law office at Charlestown with Thomas C. Green, now one of the judges of the Court of Appeals of West Virginia. He took an active part in politics, and in 1872 was a candidate for Presidential Elector on the Greeley ticket. He held the same position in 1876 and 1884, and voted for Tilden and Hendricks and for Cleveland and Hendricks. For ten years he has been a prominent opponent of the Standard Oil Company's influence in West Virginia politics, and more than once his effort to be elected to Congress has been defeated by it. Two years ago he and Senator Kenna met in the State Convention for the nomination of Governor as rival leaders in the party, and Lucas succeeded in securing the nomination of E. Willis Wilson, the present Governor. He was elected to the Legislature in 1884 and again in 1886, and there continued his fight against the Standard Oil Company and its representatives, including Senator Camden, whose re-election he was largely instrumental in defeating. Mr. Lucas in 1869 married the daughter of Henry L. Brooks, a prominent lawyer of Richmond. He has continued to take a lively interest in literature and learning, and is one of the Regents of the University of Virginia.

RIVER DRIVING.

Probably no other industrial pursuit involves such hardship and danger as river-driving—guiding the rough logs cut in the remote wilderness down the river to civilization and the saw-mill—nor can any other show a finer body of men than those who conduct this operation. They are all young, since the physical wear and tear to which they are subject breaks down the strongest in a few years; and all athletic, since none but the most vigorous have the muscular power and agility necessary to carry them safely through the daily perils of their vocation. Under a long canvas "lean-to" the "crew" pass the few hours devoted to sleep, lying like herrings in a box, side by side, upon an equally long coverlet composed of doubled blanket stuff quilted with cotton. One similar quilt covers them all. At the first gray of the morning the voice of the cook calls all hands to breakfast. Another meal follows at 11 A.M., another at about 4 P.M., and another at dark, when the day's work is done—somewhere from 8 to 9 P.M. The commissariat over which the cook presides, and which is called the "Wongun," follows the crew, so as to be at hand at meal-times.

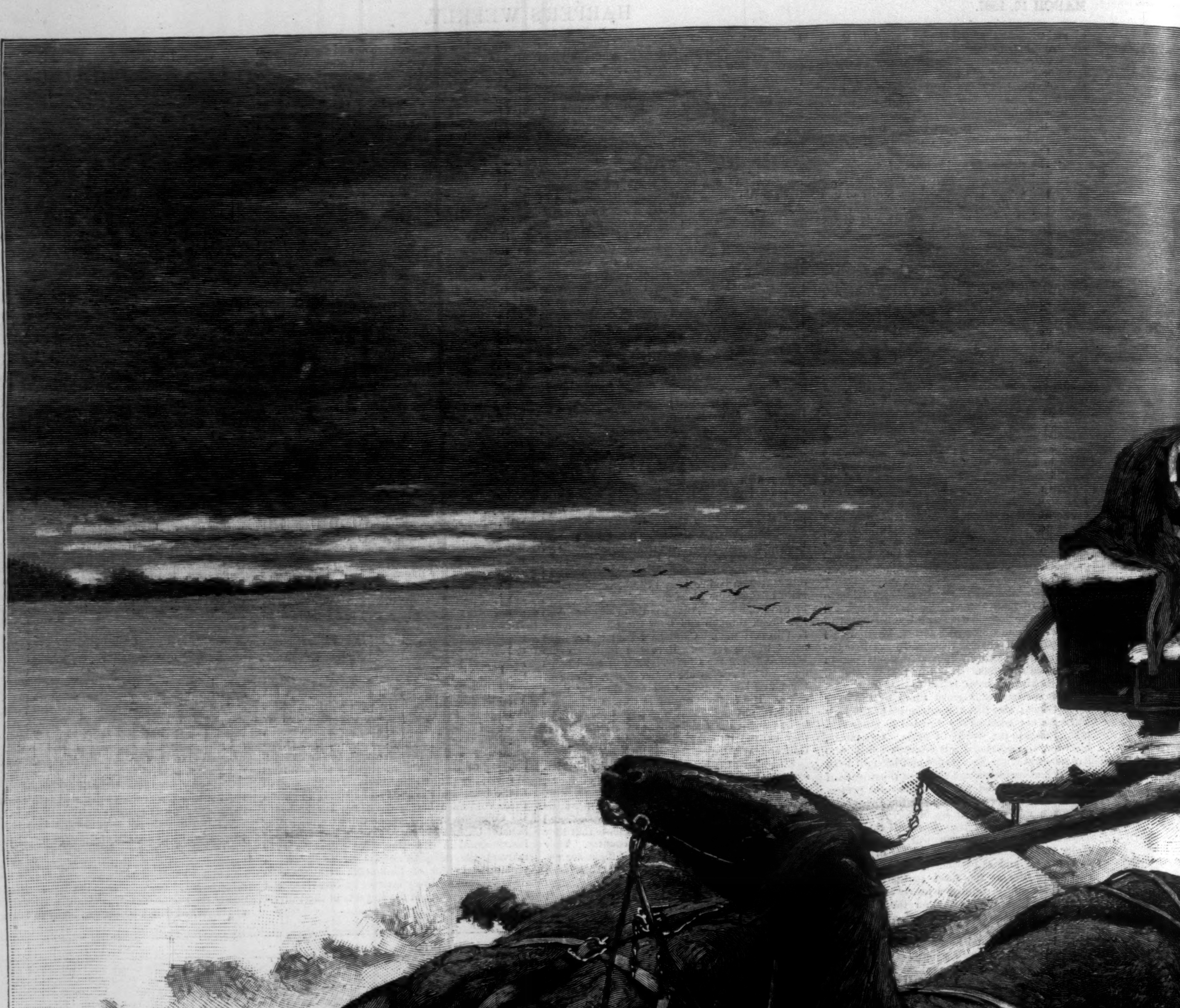
The skill and daring of these men would excite the admiration of the most apathetic. He who cannot, standing upright, keep his footing on a single log while it plunges and rolls down a rapid so rough that an ordinary man would refuse to attempt to pass its seething waters in a boat, is "no kind of a river-driver" in his comrades' estimation. For such a feat is often the only line of retreat from instant death when driving "quick" water; and he who cannot keep on the upper side of his log under such circumstances, and once falls among the hundreds of other loose logs churning in the fierce current, is almost to a moral certainty a dead man. Many are the lives thus lost every season. For two of them to mount, standing upright, on the same floating log, and each try to unhorse the other by some motion imparted to the log, is one of their favorite trials of skill. Under the quick action of their feet the log spins upon its axis like the main shaft of a steam-engine. Suddenly one bounds into the air, and descending with his spiked shoes upon the log, seeks victory by the sudden check thus given to its motion. This and many other evolutions are tried, till at length, through fatigue or unequal skill, one loses his balance and souses into the water. These contests are often quite protracted, and he who defeats all comers earns the envied reputation of a "champion bubble-walker."

Not only does the river-driver undergo the most severe physical exertion and face constant danger as long as there is light to work, but the seventeen or eighteen hours of his daily toil are passed as much in as out of the snow-water which then swells the streams. From the time the drive begins until it ends, neither day nor night does he know what dry clothes are. Such is a river-driver's life. No wonder some think that it is rather the excitement of constant peril than the wages earned which induces so many to brave it.

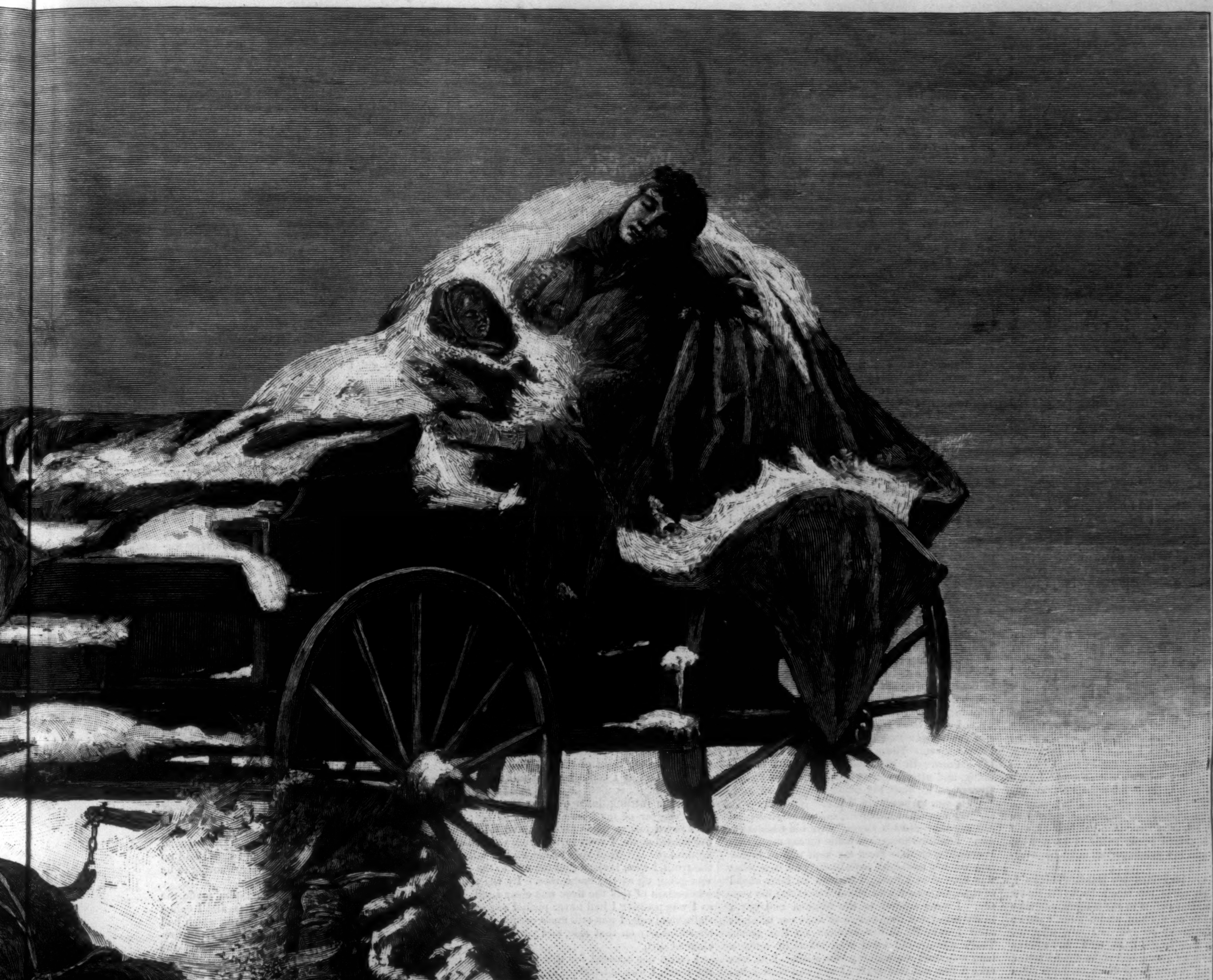


THE BLIZZARD.

The word has not yet found its way into the dictionaries, but it deserves that recognition. It has been for some years on its probation since it arose spontaneously in the Northwest in answer to the need of a name for what could otherwise be described only in a tedious and roundabout way. The blizzard is not merely a gale nor merely a snow-storm. It is a furious gale accompanied with driving snow and bitter cold. All our most severe winter gales from the Northwest are the remains of blizzards, and it was the expiring sigh of a blizzard that rattled all the window-panes of New York on the last three nights of February. Furious as its gale and keen as its cold may seem to dwellers on the Atlantic seaboard, those who know the blizzard only after it has all but blown itself out, and has been brought within the softening influences of the Gulf Stream, cannot be said to know it at all as it sweeps in its full force and terror over the Northwest from its birthplace in Montana or Manitoba. The sod houses of the far Northwest tell the summer tourist what are the vicissitudes of its winter climate perhaps more accurately than the prospectuses of land companies. Even for those who are able to remain in these wind-proof refuges the blizzard is a severe ordeal, while for travellers an encounter with it means a mortal peril. That Mr. Zogbaum's picture is as probable as it is impressive every one who has passed a winter in the blizzard-breeding region will be ready to attest. One of the most frightful dangers of the storm is the suddenness with which it descends, with no warning that can admonish those who are beyond the reach of the Signal Service. A drive of ten miles or less, begun on a fine still winter day, may end in such a tragedy as the artist has depicted. The accompanying sketch shows with what safeguards the settlers are forced to protect themselves when they venture no further from their firesides than is required to "do the chores." The need of such precaution is established by undoubted instances of farmers who have perished in blizzards between their houses and their barns.


R. F. Zogbaum
'87.

AFTER THE BLIZZARD.—Dr



AWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 183.]

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

With all due allowance for travellers' stories, he told this with such an air of a firm belief in it himself that it carried conviction to at least one of his hearers.

This occurrence happened—and it surely did happen—just as I am telling it to you, and anything about the facts you can't understand, you need not ask me about, for I can't explain things that you can't see into for yourselves. It was in the good old days before the Northern Pacific laid any rails through that country, robbing many an honest stage-driver, and mule-whacker too, of his bread and butter; but that's got nothing to do with it. I was just placing a date to this, you see, and it must have been somewhere about 1880, and I was driving on the overland from Dog Creek into Deer Lodge. Dog Creek was simply a change station, and where I had to stop every other night; it lay in a deep cañon of the Blackfoot River. Dog Creek itself was but a small bit of water even in the spring, and for the rest of the year was quite dry. Now I was always a sociable sort of fellow, and had driven on that same division a good many years, and had never before had a passenger sit beside me with whom I could not get acquainted. But this fish I am going to tell you about was hard to draw out. He would say something once in a while, but anything I would say to him would seem to fall short of his hearing organs. We passed the place where I had been held up the year before, and I gave him the full account of that interesting occurrence, just as it was all printed out in the Deer Lodge *Herald* the next morning; but he did not seem to think anything of that. We passed by Snow-shoe Gulch and Carpenter's Bar, and I told him of the many millions that had been taken out of those tailings; but it might as well have been four bits for all he seemed to care. Going by the Medicine Rock seemed to have no more effect than if he had been travelling that trail every day, and I can tell you that Medicine Rock always made the pilgrims open their eyes.

He was a tenderfoot—I knew by the cut of his clothes; they had never come out of any Jew's shop in Montana; and then he had told me he was just from New York; so, putting that and that together, I could see no reason why he should show no astonishment at all. I was kind of waiting until we got along to the Lover's Leap as a last attempt, and I illustrated that bit of scenery by a graphic account of the occurrence that had christened that rock forever. I won't deny that I may have put it a little stronger than usual that time; but it was useless. He answered, "What amount of improvement in Dog Creek in the last ten years?" Well, now, the cut I gave that off leader was only intended to take the wings off from a pesky deer-fly that was perched on his back just where he could not reach him with his tail, but that cut made the hair fly, and the old coach raised about two feet as it went over a rock, and my passenger all but went overboard.

That put an idea into my head. Thinks I, "When we go down the Hog's Back I'll throw off the brakes, and pop it to the leaders, and take the whole grade on the run, and if I can't shake some sociability out of you, old boy, why, all right." Now this Hog's Back, as it was always called, was a rocky grade, and right on the top of a ridge sloping pretty steep down on both sides of us, and running down the ridge about half a mile, until it got to the bottom of the gulch, where the trail made a sharp turn to the left and followed down on the bed of the gulch; the trail half a mile down the gulch would be directly at the foot of the slope where we first started down the Hog's Back, but the lodge-pole pines hid this from the view on top of the Hog's Back.

When we got to this particular point, what does my man say but, "Hold up, driver; I believe I'll walk down through the pines, and wait for you below."

Well, I held up, and he got off and started down through the thick pines, and was out of sight before I had time to straighten out the lash of my whip, that had got caught around a single-tree. I never said a word to him. He had taken the wind completely out of my sails, for I saw that he knew the road and the country as well as I did, or better, or he would never have made that break. I found him waiting for me down below. As he climbed up onto the box I says to him, "I reckon you've been through this country some before?"

I then noticed that his face was white as chalk. He was a dark-complexioned man, black hair and whiskers.

"What's the matter?" says I. "Have you hurt yourself?"

"Oh no, indeed," says he; "nothing's the matter at all. Yes, I have been out in this country before, but it's nearly ten years ago. By-the-way, did you pass a man as you came down the gulch?"

"No, I have not—not as I knows of."

And I had taken him for a pilgrim! that was a good one on me; and I hoped he would not so much as get off the coach at the swing station that was now in sight; and here we changed horses for the last time before coming to Dog Creek, which was about ten miles further on. But he did, and followed me right into the saloon, for I always dropped in, and took a drop with the barkeep, just to let him see I was not proud nor stuck up. Yes, he followed right in, and squared up to the bar, and insisted on treating all hands. We were soon on our way again, and behind fresh horses it did not take long to bring up at Dog Creek. Here we had supper, and the stage went on under a new driver. I noticed, the first thing after the stage had pulled out, that my queer passenger had stopped off too. I had never thought of asking him where he was going, probably thinking he would not tell me. At any rate, I never thought he had any intentions of stopping at Dog Creek.

Here mine host was interrupted by some one wishing to be shown to his room, and I had time to ruminate on the strange ups and downs of a man's life. Here was this jolly landlord, owning a very comfortable hotel in one of the small coal-mining towns of Pennsylvania (where I was stopping for a few days last summer on some business of my own), who only a few years before was a poor stage-driver away out in the mountains of Montana. He was certainly as sociable a fellow as he bragged himself up to be in his stage-driving days, and could always keep his hearers interested, and never seemed to be at a loss for a yarn as long as all the others had told put together. I heard him relate several during my short stay. He was soon back, and after a minute's writing in the register, he came over to us and resumed his chair and his story.

Yes, I was surprised to see that that fellow had gone no farther. And what could he want at Dog Creek? The whole place consisted of the long old log cabin that comprised the hotel, the stables for the stage-company's horses, the corrals, etc.; and for any one to stop off there was an event quite unknown. The hotel was kept by an old fellow named Chizletrigger; and all the amusement there was to be had at that place consisted in seeing who could stand up under the biggest load of "Chizletrigger's best." Now what this "best" was would have puzzled a Philadelphia chemist—a concoction of "China whiskey," red pepper, and it always had a flavor of tobacco and coal-oil; at any rate, it had quite a reputation along the road. All hands were having quite a sociable time that evening, and as I had to leave early in the morning, I tore myself away about twelve o'clock and went to bed.

The evening of the second day from that found me back again, and as I did not see anything of my queer passenger of the former trip, I asked old Chizletrigger about him. He said he had gone up the gulch just before the stage came in, and that the evening before he started up the same way, and did not get back until morning; that he ate a hearty breakfast, and then turned in and slept all day. Of course we all talked about him that evening, and all had some idea as to what he was and what he was doing; but I had to confess to myself I was entirely at a loss to imagine anything that seemed a likely conclusion. I made up my mind that if he was still there when I came back from my next trip I would try and get back in time to follow him and see what he was up to. There was something strange in his actions. He had told no one what he was doing, and after a direct question from Chizletrigger as to what his name was, he had said, "Well, you may call me Miller."

"We can call him Miller, can we? but he did not say that was his name," says old Chizletrigger. I said nothing, but made up my mind that I would be on time from my next trip to follow him on his midnight expedition and see what was up. And I was. I arrived an hour ahead of time, and our friend Miller was eating his supper. I went around to the kitchen and got a hasty bite from the cook, and kept out of sight until I saw Mr. Miller saunter up the gulch. There was an old wood road going up quite a long way, and the walking was good. I let him take a few minutes' start of me, and then I followed after. I managed to keep him in sight very easy, without being seen by him, for some three miles, and there the wood road lost itself among the heavy timber. It was now about dark, but there happened to be a full-moon coming up just about as the sun went down. I was beginning to feel tired enough, I can tell you. A stage-driver is not much good when it comes to a walk; but I kept along the bottom of the gulch, hoping all the time to get out of the timber, for I felt afraid that either I would lose sight of him or he would discover me, and then the game would be up; but we were soon out of the timber—that is, he was—and I was standing behind the last big pine-tree watching him climbing up the side of a bald ridge to the right. The night was clear and bright as you can imagine it, and I could see his figure, plainly as I see you, going up and away from me on that smooth, bald, sloping ridge. I was looking right at him when he seemed to stop, and then he disappeared from sight. I looked every way, thinking I might be deceived; I rubbed my eyes to assure myself I was not dreaming.

I studied over the matter for at least half an hour, whether I should go back down the gulch or whether I should climb up that slope to where I had seen him last. It was no easy-looking climb, I can tell you—smooth and steep; and then if I found nothing of him I would have to return anyway. I remember well just how I seemed to be called up that mountain-side, while if I had my own way I would have gone back home and left him to his own affairs. I was startled by a big hoot-owl that came flopping into the tree under which I was standing. I thought to myself, "I will make the owl decide it for me," and I threw a rock up at him, saying, "I will go as you fly, either up or down the gulch." So I let fly a rock, which was a surprise to the bird overhead, and away he went up the gulch, and I did not stop to think about it any more, but started right up the side of the mountain toward where I had last seen Miller. The moon was shining on that side of the gulch, and it was almost as light as day. Well, I worked my way up the side-hill until I thought I was about on the spot I had last seen Miller, and there I stopped once more for a rest and to look around me. I at once heard a faint sound of a thud, thud, thud, seemingly a little below me, and looking in that direction I could see the shape of a mound of earth. Then Miller himself appeared from out of the earth, and without stopping to look around him he started down the gulch as fast as the steepness of the sidehill would allow of. I thought some of calling out to him, but thinking I might find out more if I kept still until he came back, I sat down and lit my pipe. I could see him plainly as he went down and lost himself to my sight in the big timber down the gulch.

I smoked a couple of pipes, and still he did not come back, and then I came to the conclusion that he had made a change in his programme, and would be seen no more that night by me. So, knocking the ashes out of my pipe, I went down the hill to where I could see the fresh earth had been thrown out, to investigate what he had been coyoting into the earth for at that time of night. Well, here I found he had started a regular drift into the side of the hill. What he was prospecting for I could not imagine. He was in some ten or twelve feet at the bottom, and had got a pretty good face on it; was just commencing to mark out the top for the hanging wall; but what I noticed the first thing was that it was a regular double-breasted cut, at least six feet wide. I thought to myself he was doing lots of extra work for nothing, and then I picked up his shovel; it was an old one, well worn; and so was his pick; it looked as though it had not been sharpened in a long time. I thought I would amuse myself a little while with digging, and maybe he would come back. It would remind me of old times, for I had put in many a shift underground, and I would not lay down the pick and shovel for the best Cornishman that ever came over. Well, I started in to pick down the dirt on the left-hand side of the face of the drift, and I made it fall as lively as that old pick would allow. He must have picked up his tools in some Chinaman's cabin below, for no white man would work with such poor things. I could not imagine, for the life of me, what he was after: the dirt would not indicate that any sane man could expect to find placer gold in that kind of a location, and why he should expect to find a lead there in the side of a bald mountain was as hard to answer; but it must be something of importance; and I took up the shovel to throw out the dirt. It seemed to me that there was about as much dirt laying on the bottom of the drift to the right of me as there was on the left-hand side; but I threw it all out.

It was in so far that the sides were pretty high, and it was no small throw to land it up on each side and out of the cut. I thought perhaps that was why Miller had quit, as he was in almost as far as he could work to advantage without a car or wheelbarrow. I had taken the pick again, and was knocking down the dirt at a great rate, when, glancing to the right of me, the dirt was falling about as fast as I could make it fall in front of me. I thought it must be awful loose and shelly dirt to be rattling down over on that side just from the jar of my blows in front of me; but that saved just so much picking; and taking up the shovel again, I went to throwing out the dirt up onto the left-hand side of me, and to tell you the truth, I then noticed that the dirt to the right was going up at the same rate. By the time I was certain of this the floor was clear again, and as I was positive I had never picked any on that right-hand side, I was still more certain I had not shovelled any on that side, and yet the floor was clear of dirt.

I could not account for this at all, and to tell the truth, I was not feeling any too well pleased with the turn things had taken. It seemed to me there was some one else alongside of me. The cut was not any too pleasant a place there in the moonlight, and I threw down the tools and made a break in the direction of home. I got back about midnight. All hands were having a jolly time of it. Old Chizletrigger was mighty glad to see me back again, for, as he afterward told me, when Miller had come in, something like an hour or so before I did, he thought perhaps he had dropped onto me and finished me, for he acted very queer, and looked nervous and decidedly put out. He was now in the saloon, and seemed to be quite at his ease, talking to a fellow who had put up for the night here.

When I came in he looked up, and seemed to be pleased to see me, saying he supposed I was sound asleep at this time of night. I said I had not been to sleep at all, but had just come down the gulch a little after him. "In fact," said I, "I followed you when you went up, but could not catch up to you, and some way I missed you when you came down. I waited for you up there where you were prospecting, thinking you were coming back, but you had left for good, and I amused myself with digging in that hole of yours for a while, and then started down." I said this in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, and took no notice of the astonishment he showed at discovering he had been followed.

He asked me if I had ever followed him before, or had been up there before. I said no, I could swear to that, and did not care to go again.

"But you must go up there again with me. I want to go up in the morning, and you must go with me, anyway." I said I could not go if I wanted to, as I had to drive the stage back again in the morning. "Oh, I'll make that all right. I'll get a substitute for you, and pay you well besides. You shall lose nothing by it if things turn out as I think they will, and you will keep your mouth shut."

I did not object to laying over one trip, for I knew of a good driver I could get to take my place for a trip, but I was inclined to know just what was wanted of me before I went, and I told him so—told him if he wanted anything of me he had to trust me entirely or not at all.

"Come into my room, and we will have a glass of something that I don't think often finds its way into these parts, and I'll tell you the whole story; and if you will help me through, I'll do the square thing by you."

"All right," says I; "we will go in and talk it over; but no more grog for me, for, to tell the truth, I have had more now than agrees with me; for when I started up after you I had a full flask in my pocket, and I am afraid I hit that pretty often." And taking it out, to my surprise it was empty.

"No wonder," thinks I, "that I was shovelling double! I wonder I did not see double at the same time!"

We went into the dingy little old room that he was quartered in, and handing me the only chair there was in the room, he camped on the foot of the bed.

"How was it," said he, "that you came to follow me up there to-night? and how did you come to leave your team the other day, and walk ahead down the trail to see me, and then go back to your team? Don't you remember I asked you if you saw any one on the road? Now I know that it was you that I saw that day; and why did you follow me to-night?"

I assured him that I had never left my seat that day, but that the trail was in a low place just before I came to where he was, and he might have seen my head before the team came in sight. He thought a minute, and then said it might have been that way, that he thought it likely; but how did I happen to follow him to-night? I told him that my curiosity got the better of me, and I followed him to see what he was doing. "And now how does it happen that you are prospecting up there in the dead of night?"

"Well," says he, "to tell you the reason, I must explain, and if you will listen to my story you will see why I did not care to have it known what I have got up there just yet. Exactly ten years ago I was out here in this country and in this same place, and was prospecting for quartz with a young fellow named Wilson. I had been tramping over the mountains one day, and I found a bit of float that was good—too good to be real. It was ruby silver. I knew it well, and after satisfying myself with one more look at my treasure, I set to work to find where it had come from. From above I knew it must have rolled down, and I scratched up the ground, and kept climbing up, and about where you saw my level started to-night I found several more bits of the same ore, and nowhere else on that mountain-side could I find any more float. I went back to the cabin that night and related to Wilson what I had found, and he felt as jubilant as I when he saw my float. We started out the next morning, and I thought I could get to that place in a less roundabout way than I had travelled the day before, and save lots of walking; and so I started in to make a direct line over the mountains, and the amount of it was, we got completely turned around—in fact, completely lost—and had hard work to find our way back to the cabin; and it's needless to remark we did not find the spot we had been in search of.

"Neither of us was in the best of moods, and from one word to another we got to quarrelling. Wilson said he believed I had tramped him around on purpose to mix things up, and that I had no intention of showing him the place, wanting to be in the claim entirely alone.

"The baseness of that insinuation made me lose what little restraint I had left, and I called him a liar. He picked up his revolver, which had been lying on the floor at one side of the fireplace, and struck me a glancing blow on the head, saying as he did so, 'If I don't share that with you, you'll never have it alone.' I was somewhat staggered, but grasping the revolver, we had a tussle for the possession of it, and in the *mêlée* the cursed thing went off, and Wilson tumbled over. I can see it all now just as things looked in that little cabin. I stepped back and looked at him in horror. It all comes back to my view now, as it has done a thousand times since, and I am afraid it will never cease to come up before my eyes. When I awake in the night, and am in total darkness, I can see his face in the blackest of it, lighting up any spot on which I try to turn my eyes. He gave but one groan, but I have heard that same groan a thousand times since in the sighing of the trees, in the moaning of the winds. What I did after that I don't exactly know. I blamed myself for it all, at the time, although I have half convinced myself since that I was not all to blame. I think I was out of my head for a while. If I had committed a premeditated murder I could not have suffered more remorse, and I have suffered that same remorse for the last ten years. I have seen that little cabin and his mouldering remains lying there in all the stages of decay, his bones scattered around by the coyotes, the roof tumbling in by decay, the logs rotting and falling by their own weight. Yes, I have seen all that in the course of time—seen it in my dreams and in my thoughts all pictured out.

"I have wanted to make this trip every year since, wanted to see it all, and yet afraid to come. I have planned this same trip many times to look for that prospect, but the thought of that cabin has deterred me. I have often felt that if I could only tell all this to some one, I would be troubled no more.

"Yes, ten years have rolled around since then, and I at last made up my mind to come back here and face everything, to find his remains and give them decent burial, find that lead that I know must be in that very spot, and sell it for what I can get, turn half of it over to his relatives, deliver myself up to the authorities, and let them decide between my conscience and myself, and end this eternal dread of some unseen trouble. I don't think I have ever been exactly in my right mind since. I know I was as crazy as a man could be at that time, for the next morning I found myself some thirty miles from the cabin, and how I came there I did not know. Ten years roll by, and I find myself here. I found the site of that little cabin the other day. I found a tumbling pile of stones that was our fireplace, and that was all. Not a trace of logs that formed the cabin, or anything else. Whether mountain fires burnt the cabin, or natural decay has made away with it, I don't know. It is grown over with brush and briers. I am telling you all this as I want you to help me out in my intentions; help me to find that lead, for I am confident there is one there, and one that is immensely valuable; help me to find the bones that I know must be scattered around in the soil near that fireplace—and I will pay you well. The remainder of my intentions I can carry out alone."

The latter part of this yarn he had been telling me as he paced up and down the small room, beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead, and with a wild look in his eyes that I was half afraid was the forerunner of a fit of insanity sure enough. If he had not been so wrapped up in his own story he would have thought I was about to be afflicted by the same malady. My own surprise to find right here before me my old partner, the fellow who had gone off and left me for dead ten years ago, was enough cause for me to use all the self-control I had to keep still and hear him out. When he turned to me and asked me a second time if I would help him through, I said, as quietly as I could: "Yes, I'll help you find that lead, and if it will bring all the money you think it will, I am willing to share it with you myself, for I am the nearest of kin you can find to your former friend Wilson; but as to helping you to bury Wilson's bones, that is a thing I can't do. You may have the pleasure at some distant day, but I hope it will be extremely distant."

"What do you mean?" he gasped more than said.

"Well, to be more explicit," said I, not wanting to prolong the agony he seemed to be in, "my name is Wilson, and the same fellow you left for dead ten years ago; and as I fully believe now you had no intention of giving me that bullet, I cherish no resentment."

He believed me at once, wanting no proofs, caring for none, willing, I believe yet, to have been deceived if only thoroughly deceived. Time had changed us both, so that neither had recognized the other. I told him how I had owed my life and recovery to the chance of a trapper coming to the cabin that next morning, and doing all that could be done for me, for it was not a very dangerous wound, after all. I told him of many things that we had done when together, and to say that he looked and acted like a happy man, as he became more and more thoroughly convinced that I had told him the truth, does not convey any idea of it.

It is getting late, and my yarn is 'most finished, and I'll cut it as short as possible. The queer part of it all was about the width of that drift. When we went up there the next morning we both began to speak of it at the same time, and he said he had started in on that drift, running it just about half as wide as it is now, and that he had gone down to the bottom of the mountain, that night I had followed him, to get some water, and had rested there some time, and when he came back he noticed that it was wider than he had been making it, and the old feeling about those bones came over him, and he made double-quick time down the hill again. He refreshed his courage with more spring-water, and after battling an hour or so with his conscience he came back, and was determined to go on with his picking and shovelling, when to his amazement the drift was twice as wide as he had started it, and he decided to stay no longer there in the night-time. I told him I had run the drift in some three or four feet while I had seen him going after water. Looking at the face of the cut, he said it was impossible I could have run it in an inch, as there was a gad sticking in under a rock close to the face of the drift, and unless I had moved that gad I could not have dug the drift in any farther than he had left it. But I could swear I had done a pile of digging, as two or three blisters on my hands would testify to, and my empty whiskey flask would also prove a quart of whiskey drank, and I had no solution for all those mixed-up things unless I could have been fool enough to have been digging on the side of that cut, and I don't think I was such a fool as that.

There ain't much more to tell, except that we soon uncovered one of the richest veins of silver ever found in that part of the country, and sold out to Eastern parties who were able to work it. We did not get a hundredth part of what it was worth, but it has made me comfortably off, and if any of you doubt the truth of this, I can show you the mark of that bullet yet.

Everett Edwards.

THE STEWART COLLECTION.

The very great popular interest that has been shown in "the A. T. Stewart collection of paintings, sculptures, and other objects of art" has been only in a moderate degree an artistic interest. All the painters and all the picture-hunters have attended the exhibition, of course, for it contains many pictures the sight of which members of these classes could not afford to forego. These classes, however, are not numerous enough to crowd an art gallery as the American Art Galleries have been crowded since the exhibition began. The great majority of the visitors are apparently actuated by a curiosity to ascertain what it is that a very rich man does with his money, and would have flocked with the same eagerness to see the Stewart mansion, if it had been put upon exhibition with its fittings and furnishings, and without a picture in it that would interest students of art. A glance about the galleries on any crowded day would reveal to the habitual attendant upon picture shows comparatively few of his own kind. In the memorable and melancholy language of the British Inspector of Police at the Centennial Exhibition: "It was indeed evident that the great majority of the visitors were entirely unused to visits to art galleries." Their unfamiliarity in the present case has been evidently less from a pervading provincialism of aspect than from an undisguised rusticity of comment. They frankly express astonishment at the prices of some famous pictures, and they show a depraved interest in the subjects of others, for the most part less famous, which is calculated deeply to pain the habital picture-hunter.

To the picture-hunter himself it may be said that the interest of the collection as a whole is not exclusively pictorial. Mr. Stewart apparently began to collect pictures, not for any personal pleasure he found in collection, but as one of what the Positivists call "the social duties of wealth." At that time there were but few private galleries in New York, and these were adorned with the work of men whose names already sound old-fashioned, though some of them are living and painting still. Certain names there were that no gentleman's collection should then be without, that every gentleman now finds not to be indispensable. At present nobody is put in Coventry for not owning a—well, let us say a Meyer von Bremen, as he is no longer susceptible to criticism.

Into this competition for what was then in vogue Mr. Stewart entered twenty odd years ago, and having a longer purse than any of his cisatlantic competitors, found no difficulty in supplying himself with the most fashionable pictures of the painters who, being then most fashionable, were naturally expected to become famous. It does not appear from the collection that he had any personal preferences among pictures or painters. A strong personal liking for some one element in art, when accompanied with only a moderate degree of æsthetic cultivation, often gives to a modest gallery an air of homogeneousness that is in itself interesting, and makes the spectator reflect that a collection that thus represents the liking and the knowledge of its collector could not be dispersed without injury. On the other hand, the Stewart collection has an advantage of its own in relieving the beholder from the necessity of making any allowance for the personal equation. Mr. Stewart bought pictures, as he bought dry-goods, as soon as it became clear to him that they were coming in fashion, and he bought the most fashionable. He began with the days that already seem so remote, when Düsseldorf was the only wear, and he continued buying to the days when the Spanish-Roman successors of Fortuny "came in," if indeed the Boldinis and Madrazos be not posthumous additions to the collection. If the collection does not completely represent the progress of art, it certainly reflects with exactness the fluctuations of taste since its formation was begun, beginning, as aforesaid, with Düsseldorf, and drawing the line at Manet and the Impressionists. One rather notable exception there is in the omission of the French school of which the English Constable was ultimately the founder, and which has so deeply engaged the interest of serious students of art. There is a fine and characteristic Daubigny (C. F.), but there is no Corot, no Millet, no Diaz, no Rousseau. An omission of equal significance, considering the liberality with which Mr. Stewart bought American pictures, is the absence of an Inness.

This exception seems much more considerable now than it did when Mr. Stewart was making his collection, although even then it would have struck not only students of art, but picture-hunters. It is, however, the only exception that is very striking. The schools and the painters that "came in" during the period 1855–70, whether they staid in or went out, are all represented here, and represented by the most costly, conspicuous, and important examples. It is fortunate for the purpose of tracing the course of fashion in art that there is no ready way of disposing of shop-worn works of art, except at such a sacrifice that it is better to keep them. Otherwise some pictures that are here, and that were bought at studio prices, would not be here to be submitted to the cruel test of auction prices. There are more pictures here of which Americans have been hearing all their lives, and that are familiar in all manner of reproductions, than were ever brought to the hammer before in an American city. Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," Church's "Niagara," Dubufe's "Prodigal Son," Gérôme's "Chariot Race" and "Pollice Verso," Huntington's "Lady Washington's Reception," Meissonier's "1807," Piloty's "Triumph of Germanicus," Gilbert Stuart's "Washington"—nobody who has enjoyed the advantages of a common-school education can fail to have heard of these, to have attained with most of them that familiarity that is imparted by reproductions in black and white, or by colored photographs, and to cherish a mild desire if not to see them, at least to say that he has seen them. Some of them have peregrinated the country, and had a gallery each devoted to them, with an admission fee. A collection comprising all of them, "under a single canvas," as the ingenious Mr. Barnum puts it, could not fail of achieving a prodigious sweep of notoriety. It will be surprising if the notoriety of such works does not have its effect in the sale as well as in the exhibition, the notoriety of the works themselves being enhanced by the notoriety of their former possessor. The impecunious young man who offered to raise his solvent senior, who hesitated to take him for a son-in-law, to the highest pinnacle of fame by buying Maud S. for him, might with equal good faith suggest to him to acquire one of these celebrities.

This accumulation of more or less factitious celebrity is the distinguishing mark of the collection, but it is by no means its sole or its chief claim to regard. The great Meissonier is perhaps the most attractive feature of the exhibition to one class of visitors, because it cost $50,000 (or was it $60,000?); to another for a very different reason. Those who have admired Meissonier for the breadth and mastery which he contrives to impart to the modelling of single figures in miniature are compelled to recognize here a power of representing tumultuous action and of dramatizing a historical scene of which his other works give but a remote indication. There will not be much dispute that the "1807" is worthy of its celebrity, despite the criticism, which seems just, that it is so keyed up in color as partly to defeat the painter's object, and that the all-pervading brilliancy loses part of its effect for want of contrast.

No lover of art is likely to disregard the two magnificent Fotunys, "The Snake Charmer" and "The Beach at Portici," the two examples of Zamacois, the smaller Meissoniers, the Alfred Stevens, the Munkaczy, which at present is entitled to rank among the factitious celebrities. The American pictures hold their own well in area, including such canvases as Gignoux's "White Mountains" (82 by 48), Bierstadt's "Emerald Pool" (116 by 78), and Church's "Niagara" (94 by 102). The "Horse Fair" is even more monumental in extent (200 by 96), and next to it comes Auguste Bonheur's "Landscape with Cattle" (156 by 118). Even these dwindle before the tremendous acreage of Ivon's "Genius of America" (35 by 22 feet), which turned out to be too big for the Stewart Gallery, and is housed in Saratoga, and is to be sold by sample, as it were, the sample being a modest replica 60 by 36. The collection is fully equipped with the pictures which no gentleman's gallery should be without. Perhaps the remarkably full line of Düsseldorf pictures no longer count as such; but there are Bouguereaus, in one of which the spectator is somewhat surprised to see the familiar and amiable models whom he knows as a Holy Family masquerading in a "Return from the Harvest"; there are Merles; there are Meyer von Bremens and Willemses and Knauses and Toulmouches; there are the frivolities of Baugniet and Boutibonne, and the later *chic* and snappiness of De Nittis; and there are Faeds and Erskine Nicols. One is somewhat startled to see such names as "Rembrandt van Ryn" and "Titian, dec'd.," occurring in the catalogue quite casually, and with no pretence of tracing the pictures attached to them. To the habitual picture-hunter this does no harm, but it might mislead visitors from the country.

SOME FIGURES IN THE SENATE.

Senator Beck's bill proposing to restrain United States Senators from acting as attorneys for corporations that might come to be interested in national legislation was not received with enthusiasm and unanimously adopted by his fellow-members. On the contrary, a number of Senators objected to it as a gratuitous interference with the human conscience. The occasion of the discussion of this bill was one of great picturesque interest, well calculated to set the pencil of the artist in motion. The figure of Senator Saulsbury has been caught by Mr. Kemble at a very fortunate moment. No one who consults it can escape a sense of the fiery indignation with which the Senator is consuming. The hard lines of the face, the tremulous agitation of the eye-glasses, the arm akimbo, are all in the spirit of intense and aggressive opposition. It is a figure breathing the sentiment of war rather than the sentiment of the State of Delaware. But in an instant the effect is destroyed. Wholly by accident, in the course of his forcible remarks, it befell Senator Saulsbury to say of Senator Beck that he was "not the peer of any Senator here." Instantly Mr. Beck was on his feet, demanding to know what the Senator from Delaware meant. "I am your peer, sir!" he exclaimed, and at that moment the change in Mr. Saulsbury's attitude occurred. He had not intended to say "peer," and at Senator Beck's words he assumed the somewhat embarrassed demeanor evident in the illustration, where he is represented as replying, "I meant to say superior." Of course such a happening must operate as a hurdle in the course of oratory, and will account for the baffled and even tame expression apparent in Senator Saulsbury in Mr. Kemble's second pictorial representation of him.

The trained artist with his rapid pencil and well-exercised eye is almost as positive in the matter of accuracy as the system of instantaneous photography, which makes it impossible to suspect that there is anything more unreasonable in the picture which represents Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, as being "in a state of mind," than there is in the presentment of Senator Evarts in the act of talking for two hours. It is doubtful if Mr. Ingalls, as the presiding officer of the Senate, will prove as charming or find as good a field for the exercise of his talents as upon the floor, to which Mr. Sherman is glad to return. It was Mr. Ingalls who spoke of Senator Brown as "washing his hands with invisible soap," an act in which the Georgia Senator is represented in Mr. Kemble's picture as engaging with a gentle and benevolent air. The bundle of clothes in the picture is a perfectly accurate portrait of Senator Vest—so natural, indeed, that one familiar with the Senator, and desiring to see him, would almost be tempted to inquire within. Humorists speak of Senator Vest as a man who loves to retire within himself.

Captain Bassett, the Assistant Door-keeper of the Senate, has been in the service of that body for fifty years. The illustrations give a capital idea of his fine face and venerable and portly figure. He first came to the Senate as a page. His place is next to the Speaker's desk. One of the most impressive of his duties is to receive and announce the messages from the President of the United States. He meets the President's messenger at the Senate door, and escorts him to the desk of the presiding officer, where he makes the announcement, and the message is handed over. The bearer of the message is usually the assistant of the President's private secretary, and the gentleman in Mr. Kemble's picture is Mr. Prudens, assistant to Colonel Lamont.

RUFUS BLODGETT.

The long contest in the New Jersey Legislature for the election of a United States Senator to succeed William J. Sewell resulted unexpectedly on Wednesday in the choice of Rufus Blodgett, of Monmouth County. Ex-Governor Leon Abbett, who was the Democratic candidate for the place, had incurred the bitter hostility of a small number of Democratic members, who could by no means be induced to give him their support, and Senator Sewell, the Republican candidate, was equally unable to obtain a majority of the votes. Each had 35 votes, and 41 were necessary to elect. Blodgett, who was one of the bitterest enemies of Abbett in New Jersey politics, did not appear as a candidate until the day on which he was elected, when the Republicans, who had no hope of electing a candidate of their own, united with the Democratic opponents of Abbett, and he received 42 votes.

The new Senator was born at Dorchester, New Hampshire, November 9, 1834, in humble circumstances. His opportunities for education were meagre, but he had an aptitude for mathematics and a love of mechanics. He is said to have had the desire common to many boys to become a locomotive engineer, and to have made a model of the first engine he ever saw. On coming to manhood he left home, and sought employment on a railroad. He found a place as engineer on the New Jersey Southern road, and became successively Chief Engineer and Master Mechanic. His intelligence and quiet, unpretentious ways begot confidence in those who came in contact with him, and in 1878 he was chosen a member of the lower branch of the Legislature from Ocean County, and was twice re-elected. He was industrious and attentive to duty as a legislator, but rarely spoke in debate. When he did, it was with brevity and point, displaying sound judgment. He became a member of the Democratic State Committee, and allied himself with Secretary of State Kelsey against Governor Abbett. Last fall he aspired to become Governor of the State, and was defeated for the nomination by Mr. Green, who was put forward by Governor Abbett as a candidate. His friends claimed that he was cheated out of the nomination by a trick. Several years ago Mr. Blodgett became Superintendent of the Long Branch line of the New Jersey Central Railroad, and devoted himself to improving its service with much success. He made his home in the village of Long Branch, where he lived in a plain and quiet manner. He is a man of moderate means and an unpretentious manner, and is credited with sound judgment, sterling common-sense, and unimpeachable integrity, but little culture and no brilliant qualities.

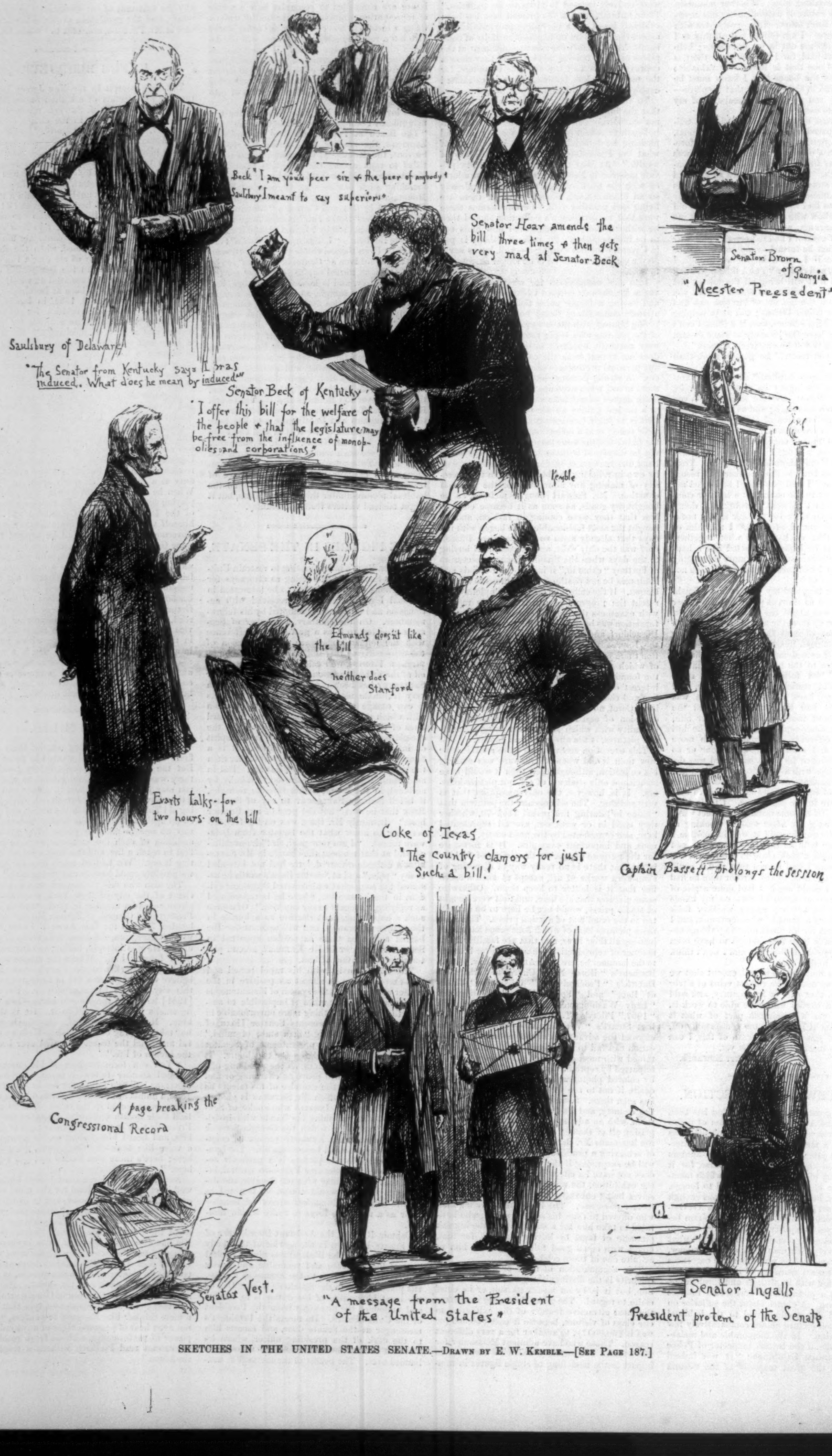
ZOPHAR MILLS.

"The night I was getting married there was a fire. I could see it, and I wanted to go at once. But the next morning early, before breakfast, there was another fire, and I went to that. So you may judge how we liked it. Many and many a time have I worked my breath out, while pumping old Thirteen, and lain in the street, and jumped up again and seized the brakes because there was no one to take my place. The pride and ambition of each fire company were to be the first to reach a fire, and the most efficient in putting it out. We had as much love for that as we possibly could have for anything else."

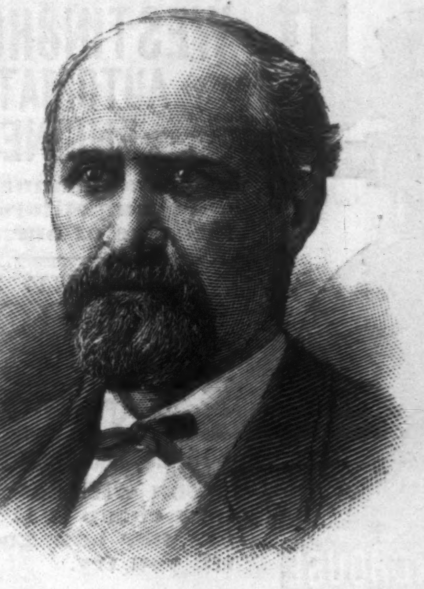
The man who said these words was a rich merchant of the city of New York, magnificent in physique, and a member in good standing of the Presbyterian Church. "Zophar Mills," said his brother fireman the late Adam P. Pentz, "was, without exception, the *crème de la crème* of a fireman. He was intrepid, daring, and his coolness never forsook him. Where the smoke was the thickest and the fire hottest, there he was. I don't believe there has been a fire in forty-five years in this city that he has not been to. Even now [1881] he is like the old war-horse—as soon as he smells battle he is off to it. He is the fire king. He is the cap-sheaf. As the boys say, he 'takes the rag off the bush.' He is a wonderful man, and the truest man that ever breathed the breath of life."

"You can form no idea of his energy," exclaimed another fellow-fireman. "When the Jennings building fell at the fire in Broadway in 1854, a number of firemen—Zophar Mills among them—were buried in the ruins. The spectators held their breath and stood aghast at the sight. Presently they saw Mills crawling out of the débris, and heard him yelling to his company, in a voice like thunder, 'Come, men, get right in here; here's these men buried up; get right in here.'"

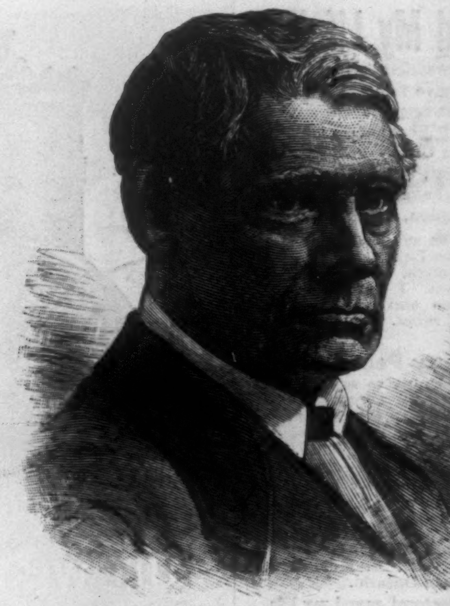
And this brave, large man busied himself as well in organizing the fund for the relief of widows and orphans of firemen, and in encouraging his comrades to sign the temperance pledge. He liked pleasure, too, and in earlier years was "leader of the floor" at the annual Firemen's Ball. His name occurs a hundred times in Sheldon's *Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of the City of New York.* His painless death at seventy-eight, in the streets, of heart-disease, at night, seems an ideal ending of his career. He represented a civic type that young Greeks strove for, and that good citizens respect—a type that forces a mere thinker like Emerson to confess, "I cannot even hear of personal vigor of any kind, great power of performance, without fresh resolution; we cannot read Plutarch without a tingling of the blood."


Beck "I am your peer sir & the peer of anybody"
Saulsbury "I meant to say superior!"
Senator Hoar amends the bill three times & then gets very mad at Senator Beck
Senator Brown of Georgia
"Meester Preesedent"
Saulsbury of Delaware
"The Senator from Kentucky says I was induced. What does he mean by induced?"
Senator Beck of Kentucky
"I offer this bill for the welfare of the people & that the legislature may be free from the influence of monopolies and corporations"
Kemble
Edmunds doesn't like the bill
neither does Stanford
Evarts talks for two hours on the bill
Coke of Texas
"The country clamors for just such a bill."
Captain Bassett prolongs the session
A page breaking the Congressional Record
Senator Vest.
"A message from the President of the United States"
Senator Ingalls
President pro tem of the Senate

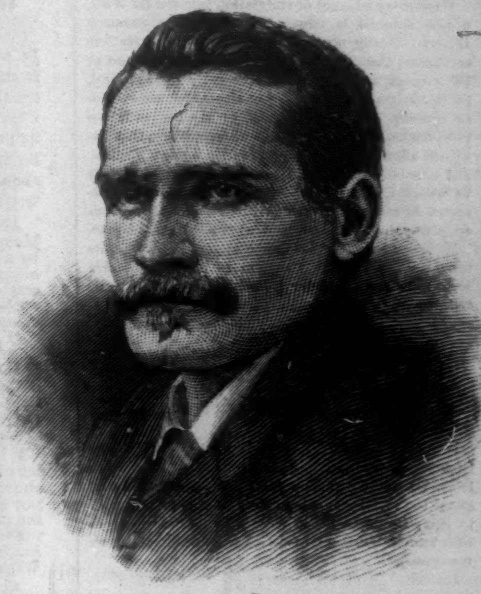
SKETCHES IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.—[See Page 187.]



RUFUS BLODGETT, SENATOR FROM NEW JERSEY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH BROTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 187.]



ZOPHAR MILLS.—[SEE PAGE 187.]



DANIEL B. LUCAS, SENATOR FROM WEST VIRGINIA.
[SEE PAGE 183.]

THE CALHOUN MONUMENT AT CHARLESTON.

A MASSIVE monument to the memory of JOHN C. CALHOUN will be unveiled at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 26th of April next, with ceremonies becoming so important an event. Mr. CALHOUN has been dead for more than the third of a century, but even to this day he is regarded in South Carolina as the great apostle of the Democratic party, and the wreck of his most cherished ideas of government has not been sufficient to destroy the faith which the people of his native State have ever had in the immutable truth of his doctrines. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the erection of a monument which shall perpetuate his name to all future generations should be regarded with profound interest in South Carolina, and particularly in Charleston, where his ashes rest.

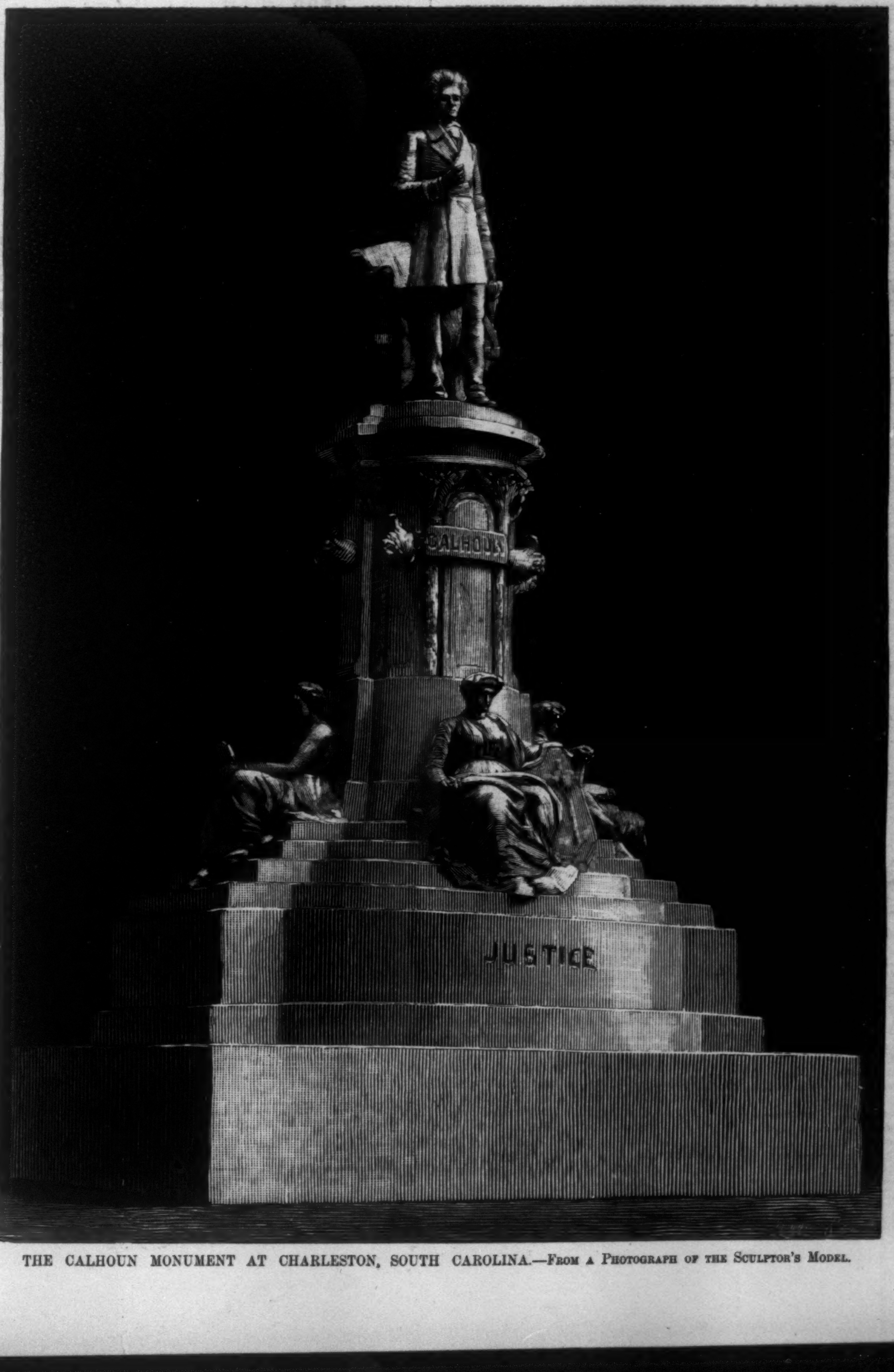
There is something almost romantic in the fortunes of the long and hard struggle of which the CALHOUN monument is the result. On January 23, 1854, eleven ladies met in Charleston for the purpose of organizing an Association to aid in the erection of a monument to Mr. CALHOUN. The Association was formed, circulars were sent to ladies in the various towns and villages of the State, appeals were made to schools and colleges, and South Carolinians everywhere were invited to join in the movement. In the course of a year more than $8000 had been received by the Association, and preparations were made for an active campaign, and canvassers were appointed who went from house to house to solicit contributions to the fund. The work was prosecuted from year to year, the Ladies' Association acting in concert with an association of prominent and influential gentlemen, until the beginning of the war between the States, which put a stop to the further prosecution of the undertaking.

In 1860 the total fund collected had been converted into good securities, which amounted in value to about $20,000. The money had come from rich and poor alike—it was a great popular tribute, a love-offering, so to speak, to the memory of the dead statesman. During the war the members of the Association had much more serious duties to discharge, but not for a moment amidst the wreck of fortune and the disastrous consequences of defeat did the members of the Ladies' Association falter in their purpose. By the zeal, intelligence, and enthusiastic fidelity of Mrs. M. A. SNOWDEN, Treasurer of the Association, its fund was saved. Her own fortune was lost, but the trust fund was preserved intact; so that the committee of gentlemen who examined the condition of the fund at the close of the war declared that "the saving of a trust fund under such circumstances was unparalleled and almost marvellous." On the night of the burning of Columbia, Mrs. SNOWDEN, who had gone to that city from Charleston, escaped the unnumbered dangers of that terrible event with the funds of the Association stitched in the folds of her dress. So faithfully had she discharged her duty that in 1880, when her books were examined, it was found that the market value of the securities then on hand was $54,194 77.

In 1876 the Ladies' Association resolved to begin the work of building the monument. A committee of thirteen gentlemen was appointed, with Major HENRY E. YOUNG, of Charleston, as chairman, and after a wide correspondence Mr. ALBERT E. HARNISCH was selected, in June, 1880, "as sculptor, to execute the statue and the design for the base of the monument." The contract with Mr. HARNISCH provided for a bronze statue of CALHOUN to be erected on a pedestal of Carolina granite, and four allegorical figures, representing Truth, Justice, Constitution, and History, for the sum of $44,000.

The picture of the monument which is published to-day is made from a photograph of the model which was sent from Rome by the sculptor to Mayor COURTENAY, of Charleston. The design is bold, and the conception is striking and original. The statue of the Great Nullifier is made of bronze, and was cast at the MICHELE foundery in Rome. It is fourteen feet in height, and represents CALHOUN as he is supposed to be addressing, or about to address, the "listening Senate." When he rose from his chair his cloak fell from his shoulders, and is lying on the chair behind him. With one hand raised, and the index finger emphasizing a gesture, he is about to speak to those whom he never failed to impress even when he could not bring them over to his own view of the Constitution. The allegorical figures which will surround the base of the monument are strikingly original, and are well executed. Truth holds a mirror; Justice a sword and shield with the coat of arms of South Carolina engraved upon it; the figure of Constitution holds the fasces in her right hand, ready to enforce the laws written in the book which she holds in her lap; and on the opposite side is the figure representing History.

The statue arrived in Charleston several months ago, and the emblematic figures are now supposed to be on the way to America. The stone work of the monument has been completed. The dedicatory oration, when the monument is unveiled, will be delivered by the Hon. L. Q. C. LAMAR, Secretary of the Interior. The programme for the unveiling ceremonies has not yet been made out, but there is no doubt that every effort will be exerted to make the occasion memorable. The monument stands in the foreground of Marion Square, opposite the South Carolina Military Academy, on Calhoun Street, and within stone's-throw of the old shell wall which marked the northern boundary of the city of Charleston nearly a hundred years ago.



THE CALHOUN MONUMENT AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SCULPTOR'S MODEL.

THE WESTERN SETTLER'S CHOSEN SPECIFIC.

WITH every advance of emigration into the far West, a new demand is created for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older-settled localities, on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or mining emigrant soon learns, when he does not already know, that the Bitters afford the only sure protection against malaria, and those disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels to which climate changes, exposure, and unaccustomed or unhealthy water or diet subject him. Consequently, he places an estimate upon this great household specific and preventive commensurate with its intrinsic merits, and is careful to keep on hand a restorative and promoter of health so implicitly to be relied upon in time of need.—[*Adv.*]

THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN., HAS JUST HAD A VERY PROSPEROUS YEAR.

IT received from policy-holders $4,464,543 67, and from interest, &c., $2,960,462 95; total, $7,425,006 62. It paid to policy-holders for claims, dividends, &c., $5,285,000 64. Its expenses were $70,264 29 less than in 1885; its death losses were $229,641 less than in 1885, and its per cent. of dividends to policy-holders was greater.

Its assets Jan. 1, 1887, were:

Loans upon real estate, first lien........	$29,445,320 17
Cost of real estate owned...............	10,311,817 86
Cost of bonds and stocks..............	10,250,650 00
Cash in bank............................	1,413,982 12
Premium notes and all other assets....	4,280,723 79
A total of.............................	$55,702,493 94

an increase during the year of $1,318,843 99.

Its surplus on that day was $5,059,106 40, an *increase of* $501,128 49.

From 1846 to 1887

It paid its policy-holders..............	$123,362,835 51
And it now holds for their protection..	55,702,498 94
A total of.............................	$179,065,329 45
While it received from them only......	$146,565,286 58
A difference of.......................	$32,500,042 87

Which it has gained from interest, rents, &c., *after paying all expenses and taxes.*

Its expenses have been but 8.36 per cent. of its income. It pays for claims by death and endowment over $10,000 daily. Send for forty-first annual report, with full information.—[*Adv.*]

THE PASTEUR FILTER COMPANY.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April, to be published March 22d, contains a page advertisement of the "Pasteur Filter," which will interest the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY. The Filter in its most effective form is used under the usual city pressure, being permanently attached to the water-pipes. For family use four sizes are made, giving from one to fifteen gallons per hour of germ-proof water. The New York wholesale and retail departments are at 469 Greenwich Street.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

ADVANTAGEOUS IN DYSPEPSIA.

DR. G. V. DORSEY, Piqua, Ohio, says: "I have used it in dyspepsia with very marked benefit. If there is deficiency of acid in the stomach, nothing affords more relief, while the action on the nervous system is decidedly beneficial."—[*Adv.*]

MORE MONEY FOR YOUR WORK.

IMPROVE the good opportunities that are offered you and you will receive more money for your labor. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will mail you, free, full information showing how you can make from $5 to $25 and upwards a day and live at home, wherever you may be located. You had better write to them at once. A number have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required; Hallett & Co. will start you. Both sexes; all ages. Grand success attends every worker. Send your address at once and see for yourself.—[*Adv.*]

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials, Free: F. HISCOX, 853 B'way, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

A SOUND mind goes very seldom without a sound digestion, and nothing contributes toward it more than the use of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world renowned appetizer and invigorator, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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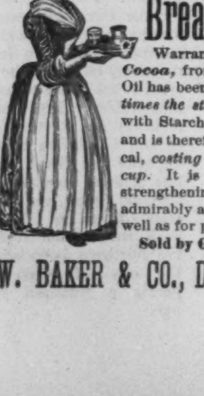

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

"It Saved My Life"

Is a common expression, often heard from those who have realized, by personal use, the curative powers of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died from lung troubles. — E. Bragdon, Palestine, Tex.

About six months ago I had a severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, brought on by a distressing Cough, which deprived me of sleep and rest. I had used various cough balsams and expectorants, without obtaining relief. A friend advised me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and am happy to say that it helped me at once. By continued use this medicine cured my cough, and, I am satisfied, saved my life. — Mrs. E. Coburn, 18 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for over a year, and sincerely believe I should have been in my grave, had it not been for this medicine. It has cured me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, for which I had almost despaired of ever finding a remedy. — D. A. McMullen, Windsor, Province of Ontario.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. Two years ago I took a very severe Cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted physicians, and took the remedies they prescribed, but failed to obtain relief until I began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Two bottles of this medicine completely restored my health. — Lizzie M. Allen, West Lancaster, Ohio.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A MEDICINE, NOT A DRINK.

High Authority.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold, for use, except to persons desirous of obtaining medicinal bitters.

GREEN B. RAUM,
U. S. Com'r Internal Rev.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 24, 1884.

Dear Sir,—Why don't you get a certificate from Col. W. H. W., of Baltimore, showing how he cured himself of drunkenness by the help of Hop Bitters? His is a wonderful case. He is well known in Rochester, N.Y., by all the drinking people there. He is known in this city, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York—in fact all over the country—as he has spent thousands of dollars for rum. I honestly believe his card would be worth thousands of dollars to you in this city and Baltimore alone, and make thousands of sober men by inducing the use of your bitters.

J. A. W.

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by Hop Bitters, that we had poohed at two years before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—*The Parents —Good Templars.*

Milton, Del., Feb. 10, 1886.

Having used Hop Bitters, the noted remedy for debility, nervousness, indigestion, etc., I have no hesitation in saying that it is indeed an excellent medicine and recommend it to any one as a truly tonic bitters. Respectfully, REV. MRS. J. H. ELLGOOD.

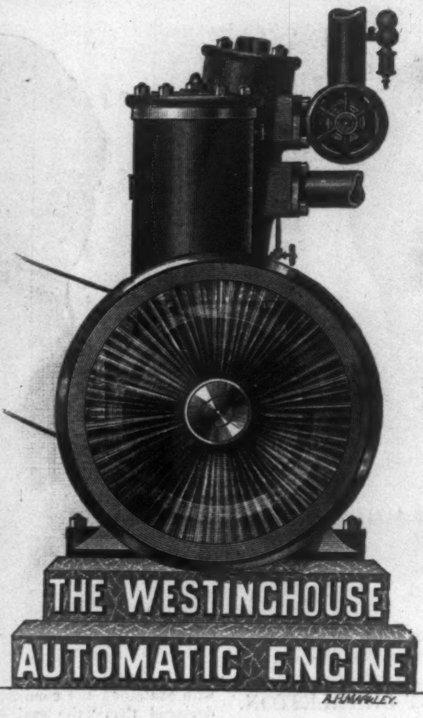
Scipio, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1884.

I am the pastor of the Baptist church here and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has been greatly benefited, and still uses the medicine. I believe she will become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them. REV. E. R. WARREN.

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady; and he has remained a steady and sober man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups, and I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ill.

CATARRH Cured. Sample treatment **FREE** B. S. Lauderbach & Co., Newark, N. J.



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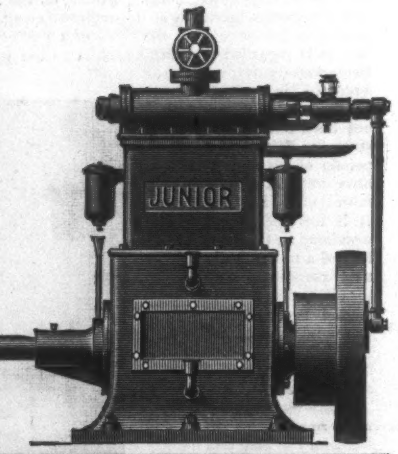

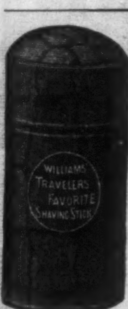

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or those who shave themselves at home are invited to try

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An exquisite Soap, producing a rich, mild lather that will not dry on the face while shaving. Delicately perfumed with Attar of Roses. Each stick enclosed in a turned wood case, covered with red leatherette. The most elegant article of the kind ever offered to the public.

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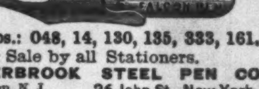

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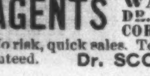

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That they are the original and genuine porous plasters, upon whose reputation imitators trade.

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That this fact is attested by thousands of voluntary and unimpeachable testimonials from grateful patients.

That for Rheumatism, Weak Back, Sciatica, Lung Trouble, Kidney Disease, Dyspepsia, Malaria, and all local pains, they are invaluable.

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Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

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Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.

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Or Prevented by Page's Vaporizer and Cresolene. We have abundant testimony that Cresolene vaporized in a closed room is an almost infallible remedy for **Whooping-Cough**, for which distressing malady no other assured remedy is known to us. A cure usually effected in five or six days, at a trifling expense and but very little trouble. It is also exceedingly efficient in Asthma, Croup, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Influenza, and Scarlet Fever.

It is a safeguard against the spread of contagion.

Vaporizer complete, including a bottle of Cresolene, $1.50. Ask your druggist for it.

Size, 6 in. in height. Patented Sept. 25, 1881.

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SOLE AGENTS,
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LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. The Finest Meat-flavoring Stock. USE it for Soups, Sauces, and Made Dishes.

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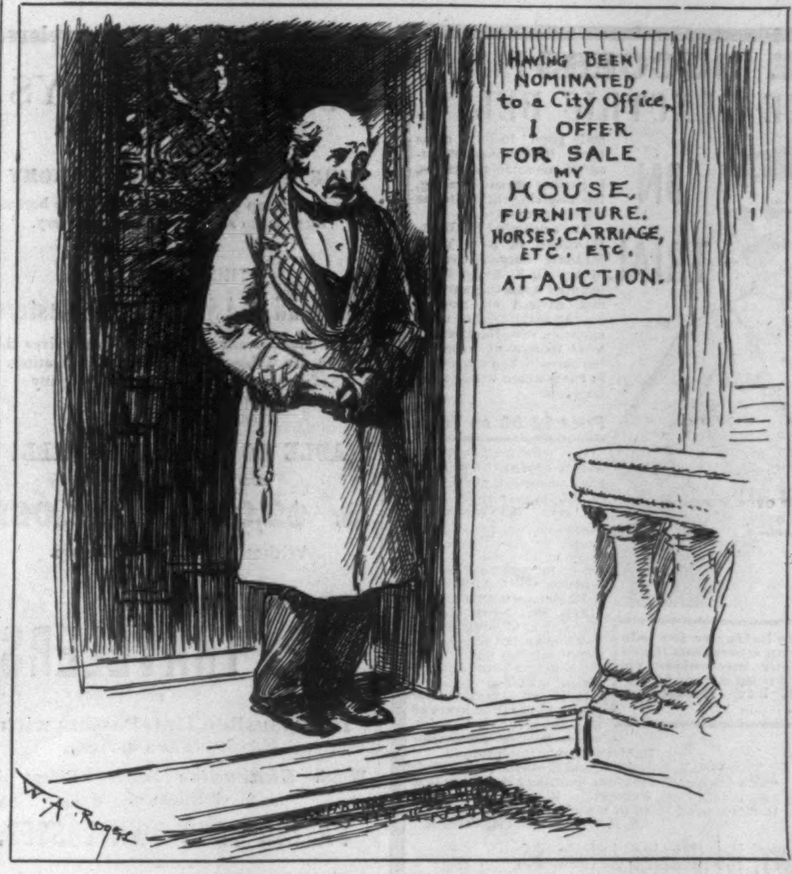

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

Preparing for assessment.—*For figures, see page* 179.

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Nothing is known to science at all comparable to the Cuticura Remedies in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair from infancy to age.

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I commenced to use your Cuticura Remedies last July. My head and face and some parts of my body were almost raw. My head was covered with scabs and sores, and my suffering was fearful. I had tried everything I had heard of in the East and West. My case was considered a very bad one. I have now not a particle of Skin Humor about me, and my cure is considered wonderful.

Mrs. S. E. WHIPPLE, Decatur, Mich.

I was afflicted with Eczema on the scalp, face, ears, and neck, which the druggist, where I got your remedies, pronounced one of the worst cases that had come under his notice. He advised me to try your Cuticura Remedies, and after five days' use my scalp and part of my face were entirely cured, and I hope in another week to have my ears, neck, and the other part of my face cured.
HERMAN SLADE, 120 E. 4th Street, New York.

I have suffered from Salt Rheum for over eight years, at times so bad that I could not attend to my business for weeks at a time. Three boxes of Cuticura and four bottles Resolvent have entirely cured me of this dreadful disease.

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Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only infallible blood purifiers and skin beautifiers.

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with Cuticura Medicated Soap.

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

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ANNUALLY LOST IN THE UNITED STATES,

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"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT,

which is colorless, non-poisonous, does not stain linen and is fragrant.

"Actuated by the same impulse which makes us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we "grasp a bottle of '**Sanitas**' in a sick room."
—Annie Thomas in "Eyre of Blendon."

"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c.
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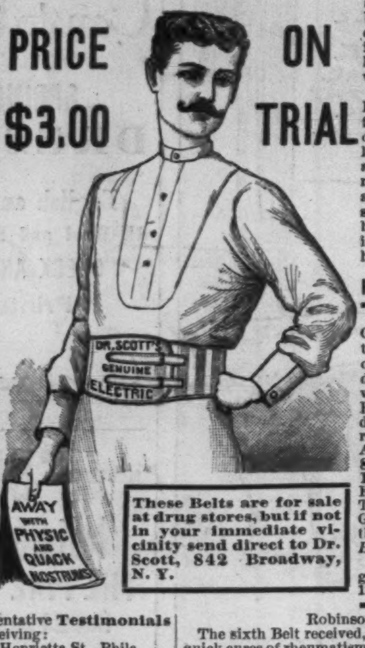
DR. SCOTT'S GENUINE ELECTRIC BELTS.

PRICE $3.00 ON TRIAL


DR. SCOTT'S
GENUINE
ELECTRIC
AWAY WITH PHYSIC AND QUACK NOSTRUMS

Probably never since the invention of Belts and Supporters has so large a demand been created as now exists for **Dr. Scott's Electric Belt.** Over seventeen thousand people in the city of New York alone are now wearing them daily. They are recommended by the most learned physicians in the treatment of all **Male and Female Weakness, Nervous and General Debility, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Erysipelas, Catarrh, Piles, Epilepsy, Pains in the Head, Hips, Back, or Limbs; Diseases of Spine, Kidney, Liver, and Heart, Falling, Inflammation, or Ulceration.**

There is no waiting a long time for results. Electro-magnetism acts quickly; generally the first week, more frequently the first day, and often even during the first hour they are worn their wonderful curative powers are felt.

The mind becomes active, the nerves and sluggish circulation are stimulated, and all the old-time health and good feeling come back. They are constructed on scientific principles, imparting an exhilarating, health-giving current to the whole system.

The celebrated Dr. W. A. Hammond, of New York, formerly Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies, describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made even in cases which would seem hopeless.

Price $3.00 on Trial.

These Belts are for sale at drug stores, but if not in your immediate vicinity send direct to Dr. Scott, 842 Broadway, N. Y.

We will send either Gent's or Lady's Belt on trial, post-paid, on receipt of $3, guaranteeing safe delivery. State size waist when ordering Lady's Belt. Remit by money order or draft at our risk, or currency in registered letter. Address GEO. A. SCOTT, **842 Broadway, corner 13th St., New York.** For sale at all drug stores. Take none but Dr. Scott's Genuine. See name is on the box and belt. *Mention Harper's Weekly.*

Call and examine our goods, corner Broadway and 13th St., over Star Theatre.

The following are representative **Testimonials** of the thousands we are receiving:

2121 Henrietta St., Phila.

Dr. Scott: Your belt has cured me of rheumatism of and around the kidneys, which medicine had failed to help. W. H. UPJOHN.

Robinson Bank, Robinson, Ill.

The sixth Belt received, and is satisfactory. Their quick cures of rheumatism, liver and kidney troubles, and debility are wonderful. It gives me pleasure to recommend them to suffering friends.

A. P. WOODWORTH, Cashier.

Dr. Scott's Electric Suspensory, the Genuine Article, $5.

Baltimore, Md.

Intense nervous debility has been my trouble for years. Physicians and their medicines did not help me. I finally derived great relief from Dr. Scott's Electric Belt.

L. H. MILLER.

East Berlin, Pa.

Your Belt has cured me of Insomnia and Nervousness, and has also had wonderful effect on Neuralgic affection of the chest.

B. SELL.

Cedar Falls, Ia.

This Belt has done me more good in a short time than all the medicine I ever took.

E. W. MEADE.

Houston, Mich.

Dr. Scott's Electric Belt has cured my brother of severe backache from which he has suffered eight years. My father, 70 years old, could not walk 100 yards; after wearing the Belt one month he walked nine miles without resting. Your goods are thoroughly reliable.

ALBERT KRUG.

Peoria, Ill.

I suffered from kidney, liver, and nervous troubles for twelve years. Dr. Scott's Electric Belt entirely cured me after all other remedies had failed. His Electric Hair Brush has cured my Neuralgia. C. W. HORNISH.

Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets cure and prevent sickness, $1, $1.50, $2, and $3.

Dr. Scott's Electric Chest Protector, $3. Dr. Scott's Electric Flesh Brushes, $3.

Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brushes, $1, $1.50, $2, and $3. Dr. Scott's Electric Insoles, 50 cents.

The Murphy Varnishes

These Varnishes are recommended to Carriage Builders and others who are seeking a first-rate article and one that can be relied on with absolute confidence to produce uniform and desirable results every time. They will be found to be better adapted to average conditions than any goods of like nature heretofore brought to the notice of varnish consumers. In the essential qualities of brilliancy and durability they are unsurpassed, and added to these they will be found to possess the utmost freedom in flowing and working properties consistent with the purposes for which they are intended. They are less susceptible to sudden changes of temperature and weather than any varnishes in the market, and can be relied upon to produce the most uniform and satisfactory results. The attention of Carriage Makers is especially directed to the fact that as Finishing Varnishes, Murphy's Palest Durable Body and Pale Durable Carriage are beyond question unsurpassed by any other make, and a trial of them will secure an unqualified endorsement of their acknowledged merits.

Murphy & Co. Varnish Makers

New York, Cleveland, St. Louis, and Chicago.

TRADE E&W. MARK EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

LUNDBORG'S

Perfume

EDENIA.

LUNDBORG'S

Rhenish Cologne.

If you cannot obtain **LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES AND RHENISH COLOGNE** in your vicinity send your name and address for Price-list to the manufacturers, **YOUNG, LADD, & COFFIN, 24 Barclay Street, New York.**

VICK'S

Floral Guide

FOR 1887.

Now ready, contains 2 Colored Plates, hundreds of Illustrations, and nearly 200 pages—32 pertaining to Gardening and Flower Culture, and over 150 containing an Illustrated List of nearly all the **FLOWERS and VEGETABLES** grown, with directions how to grow them, where the best **SEEDS, PLANTS, AND BULBS** can be procured, with prices of each. This book mailed free on receipt of 10 cents, and the 10 cents may be deducted from the first order sent us. Every one interested in a garden, or who desires good, fresh seeds, should have this work. We refer to the millions of persons who have planted our seeds. Buy only Vick's Seeds at Headquarters.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN,
Rochester, N. Y.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

Demand unprecedented. R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

Print Your Own Cards.

PRESS, $3; Circular Size, $8; Press for small newspaper, $44. Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue, Press, Type, Cards, to factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

"Moral: Insure in The Travelers."

QUALITY PAYS

Both Dealer and Consumer.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE ECONOMY

is to buy cheap goods, which are cheap because there is no security for their delivery.

THE TERRIBLE

Railroad and Steamboat Disasters,

which have already destroyed so many lives this year, are liable to bring sudden obligations of enormous volume on any company doing personal insurance: Insure in a Company

ABLE TO MEET THEM ALL!

AND WHICH COULD PAY

A $2,000,000 LOSS

Without Closing its Doors.

INSURE IN

THE TRAVELERS,

NOT IN

Irresponsible Hat-Passers with Empty Treasuries,

Which *Guarantee* Nothing Except the Privilege of

PAYING YOUR OWN LOSSES.

Our Surplus of $2,129,000 is ample to meet every possible emergency.

CASTORIA

Mother's Great Medicine for Children.

Physicians recommend Castoria.
Mothers rely upon Castoria.
Children cry for Castoria.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE.

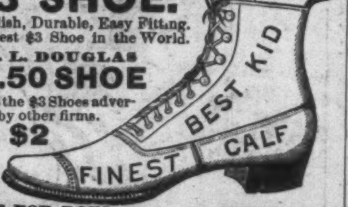
Stylish, Durable, Easy Fitting.
The best $3 Shoe in the World.

W. L. DOUGLAS

$2.50 SHOE

equals the $3 Shoes advertised by other firms.

Our **$2**

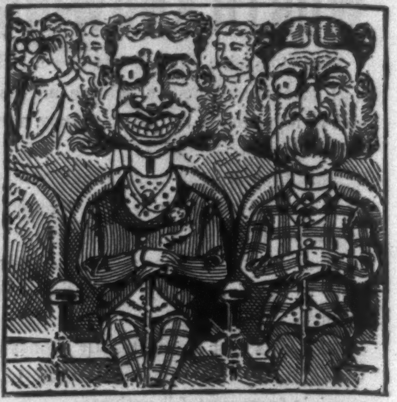


SHOE FOR BOYS gives great satisfaction. The above are made in Button, Congress and Lace, all styles of toe. *Every pair warranted; name and price stamped on bottom of each shoe.* No others genuine. Sold by 2,000 dealers throughout the U. S. If your dealer does not keep them, send name on postal to **W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.,** for free information. Shoes mailed, postage free.

This old fisher read to find
Marks of fish of certain kind;
For he always wished to be
Bright enough, at least, to see
If the fish his angle caught
Was the very fish he sought.

Moral—*People who fish the streams of commerce for* Shawknit *should read the advertisements, and be prepared to look for the Shawknit trade-mark on the toe.*

SHORTHAND Writing *thoroughly taught* by mail or personally. Situations procured all pupils when competent. Send for circular. **W. C. CHAFFEE,** Oswego, N. Y.



These two gentlemen are brothers. One uses SOZODONT, the other does not. The former has had his moustache shaved off, and always laughs; the latter wears his very long, and never laughs.

PERSONS AFRAID TO LAUGH

For fear of showing a neglected set of teeth, should cleanse them night and morning with the aromatic invigorating

SOZODONT.

If the teeth begin to show signs of decay, use SOZODONT at once and often. Rely upon it, and they will be rescued from impending ruin. The formula of this preparation includes only botanic ingredients, and contains only the purest and most salutary of these. Use no other dentifrice but SOZODONT. It is pure, effective, and fragrant. Sold by Druggists and Fancy-goods Dealers.

DOUBLE ANCHOR BRAND. TRADE MARK
LINEN COLLARS
PAT. SEAMLESS FOLD
ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION
WILL OUTWEAR TWO COLLARS MADE IN THE OLD WAY.

GLENMORE ATLANTIC CHAMPION

DOUBLE ANCHOR 20¢ ALL FASHIONABLE STYLES. SOLD EVERYWHERE SINGLE ANCHOR 15¢

Catalogue and price list can be had of your dealer or Beiermeister & Spicer, Troy, N.Y., 710 B'dway, N. Y., 195 5th Av Chicago.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

FRIEDRICHSHALL

THE TONIC APERIENT WATER.

BAKER'S

BREAKFAST

COCOA

Delicious, Nourishing, Absolutely Pure. Costing less than one cent a cup.

JUDSON'S "Indestructible" **ENGLISH MARKING INK.** Black Ball Brand. **No Heat** required. A **Stretcher** for marking on, with each bottle **free.** Price 25c. Am. Headquarters, 46 Murray St., N. Y.

BLACK BALL

LOWELL

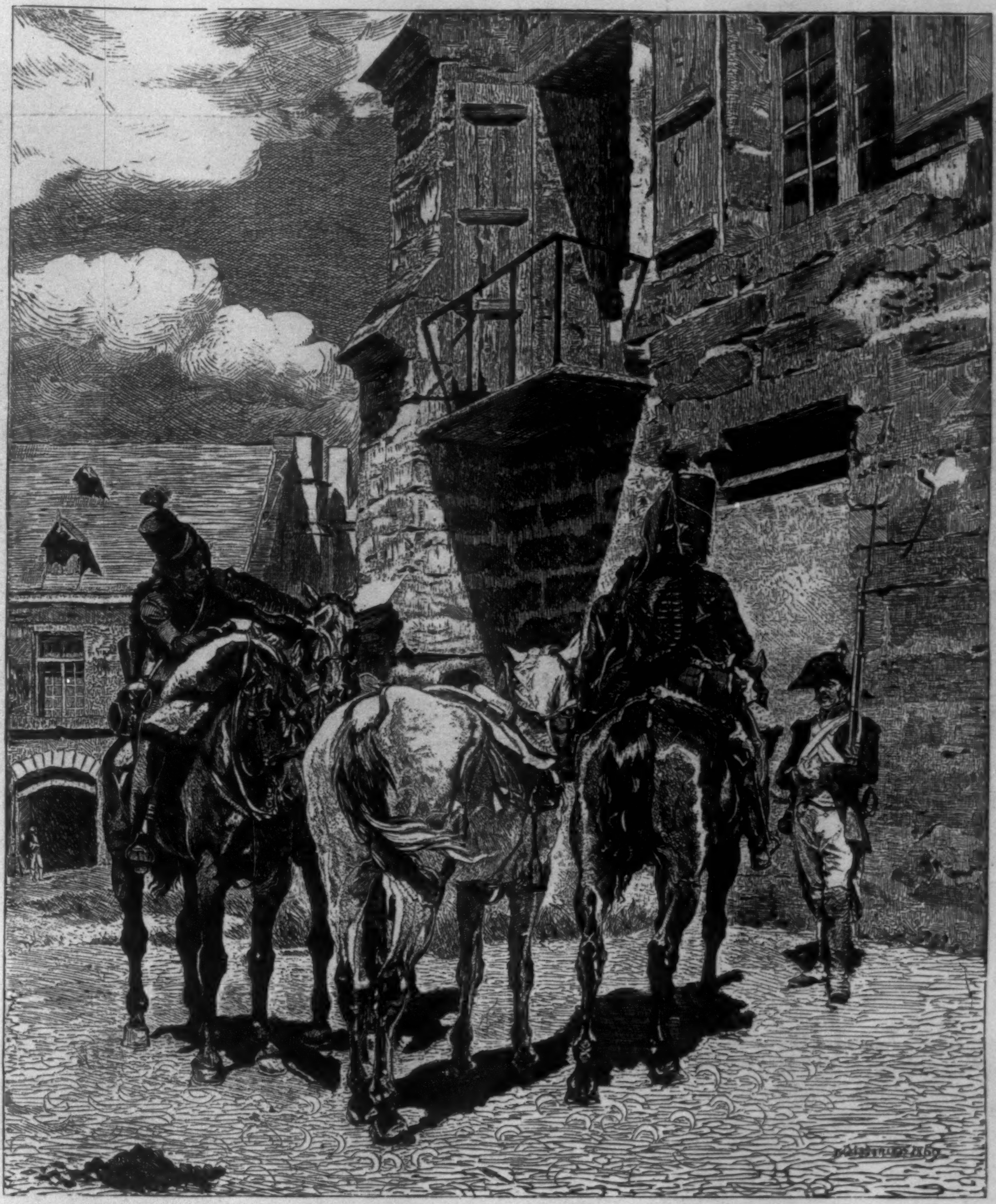
For nearly half a century **LOWELL CARPETS** have been acknowledged to be the BEST. The word "LOWELL" appears in CAPITAL letters in the back of Lowell, Wilton, and Body Brussels at every repeat of the pattern.

The Lowell Ingrains are wound upon a hollow stick, which the U. S. Superior Court decided to be a valid trade-mark. The public are thereby thoroughly protected against deception.

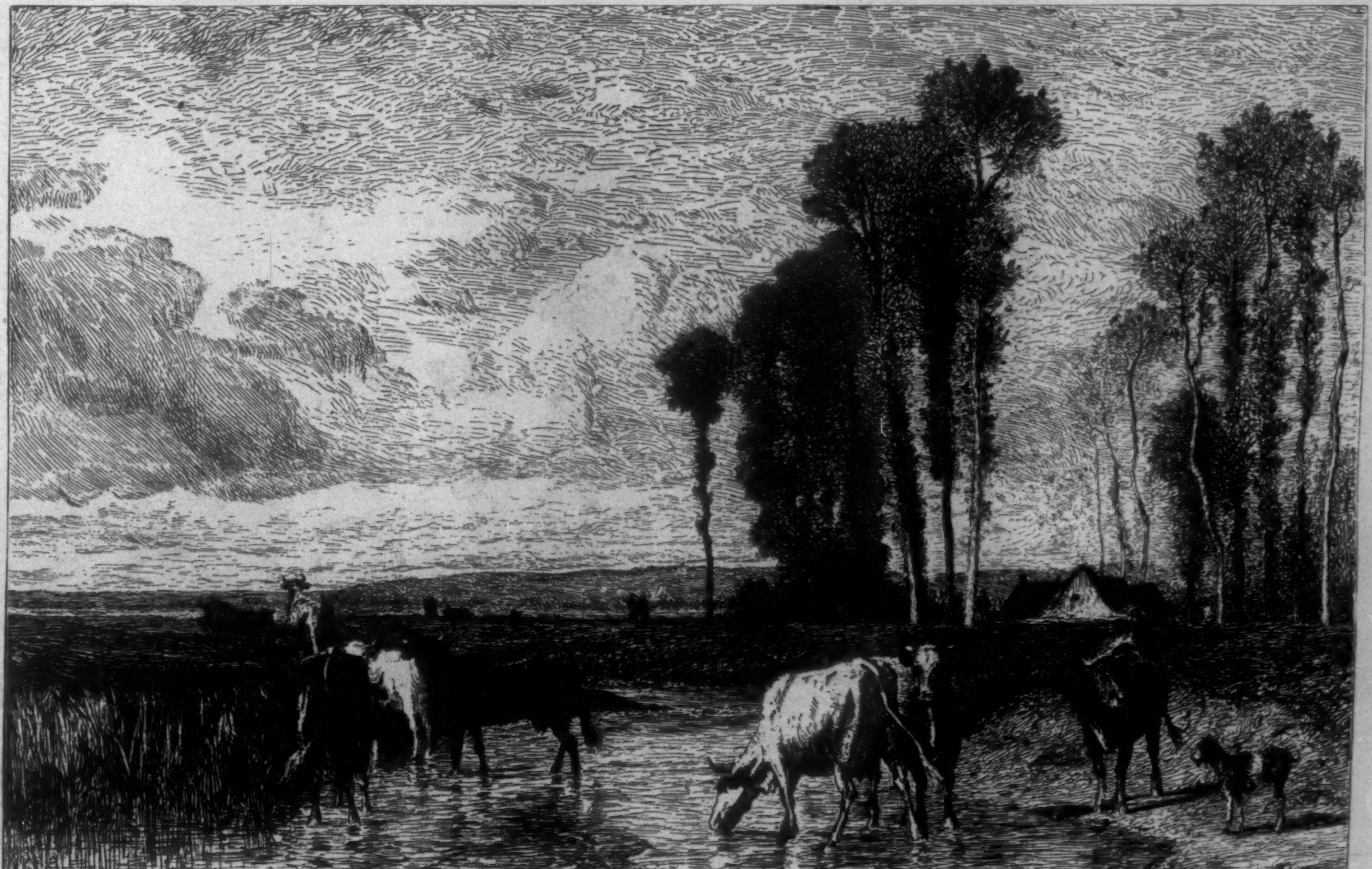
The grade has never been lowered, and the company unhesitatingly challenge comparison with the production of any manufacturer in the world.

These goods can be obtained of first-class dealers.

CARPETS

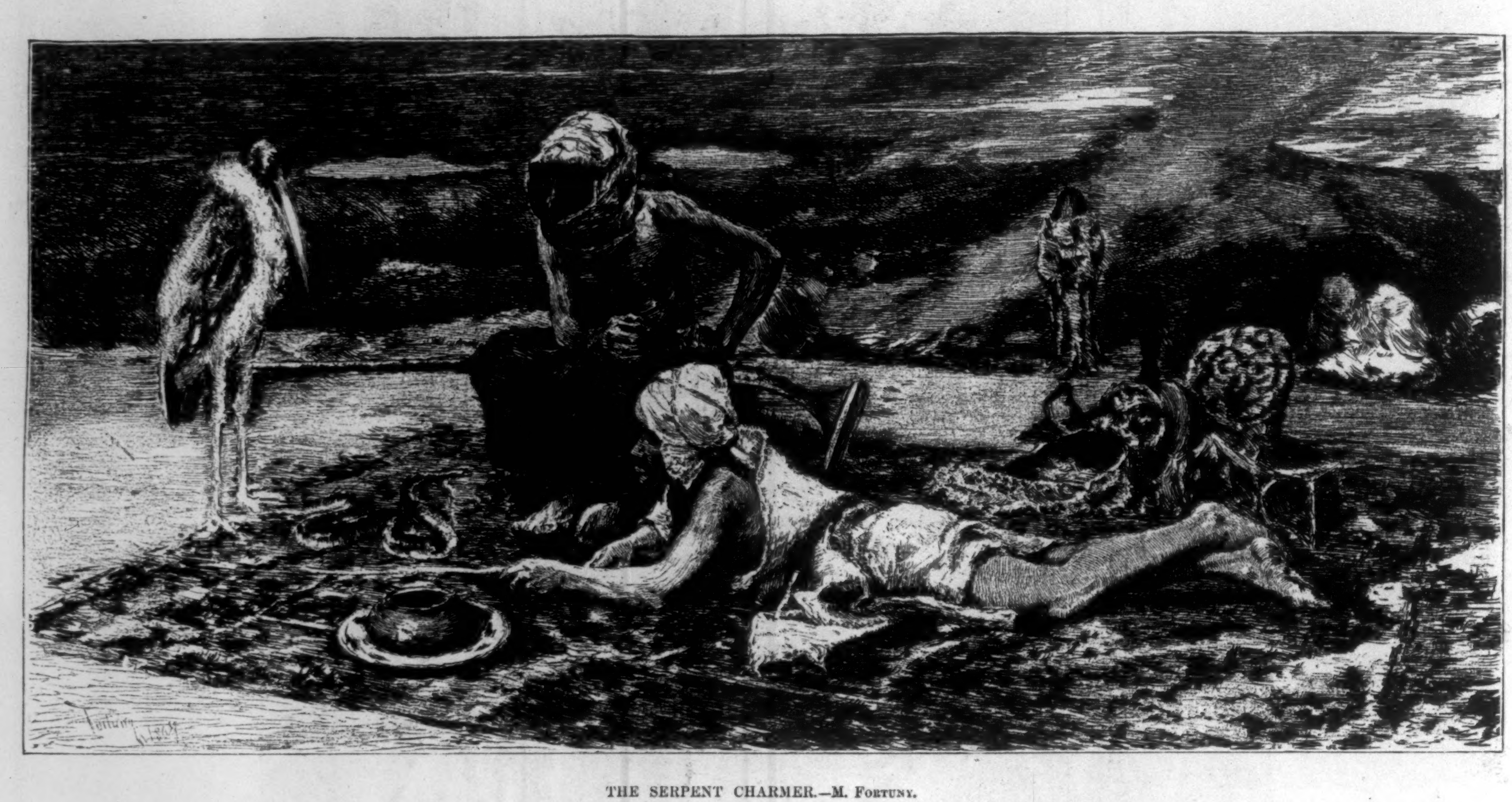

Meissonier 1869

REMINISCENCE OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.—J. L. E. MEISSONIER.

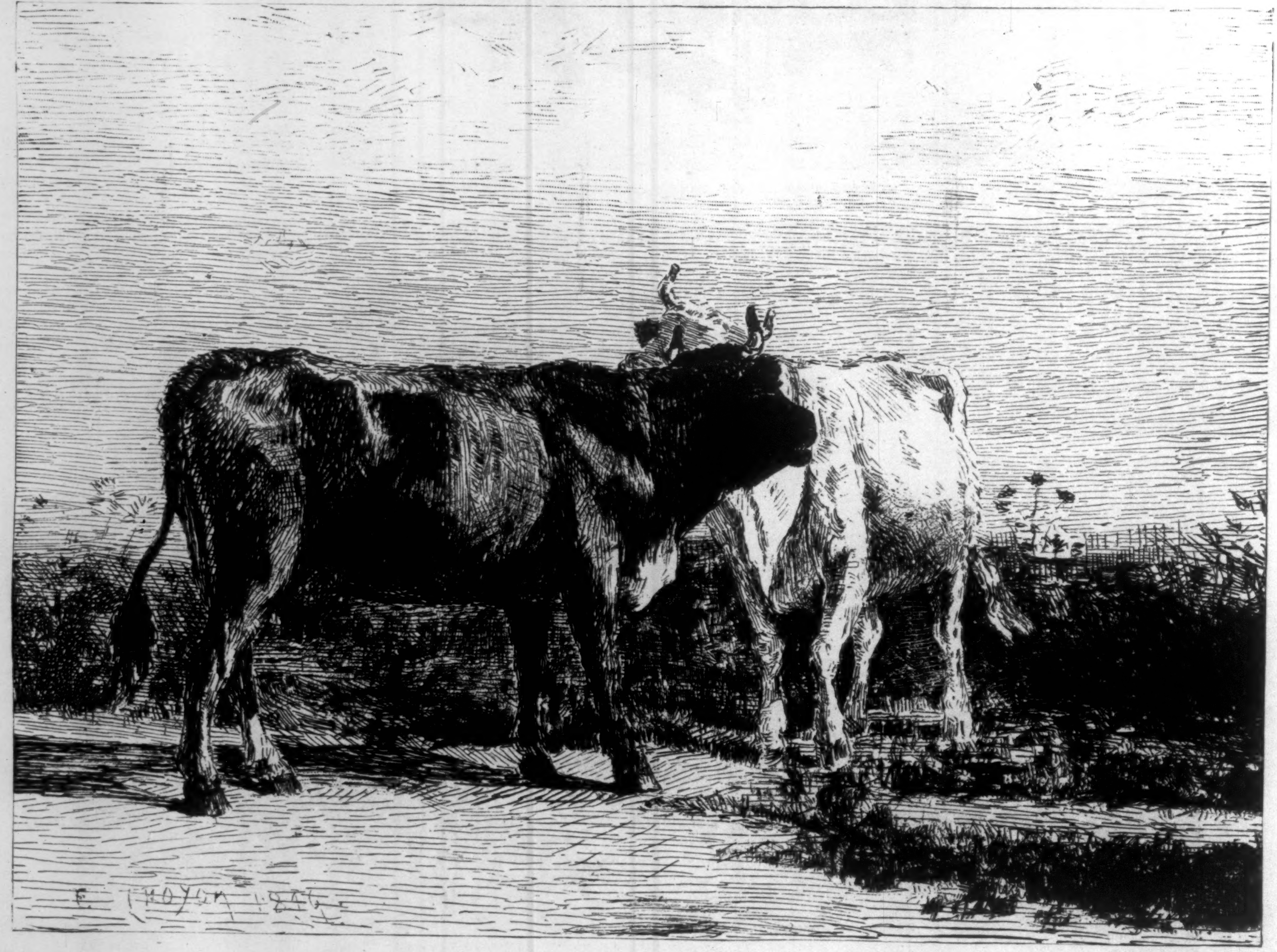

C. Troyon
R. Swain Gifford Sc.

LANDSCAPE AND CATTLE.—C. TROYON.

ETCHINGS FROM WORKS OF ART IN THE A. T. STEWART COLLECTION.

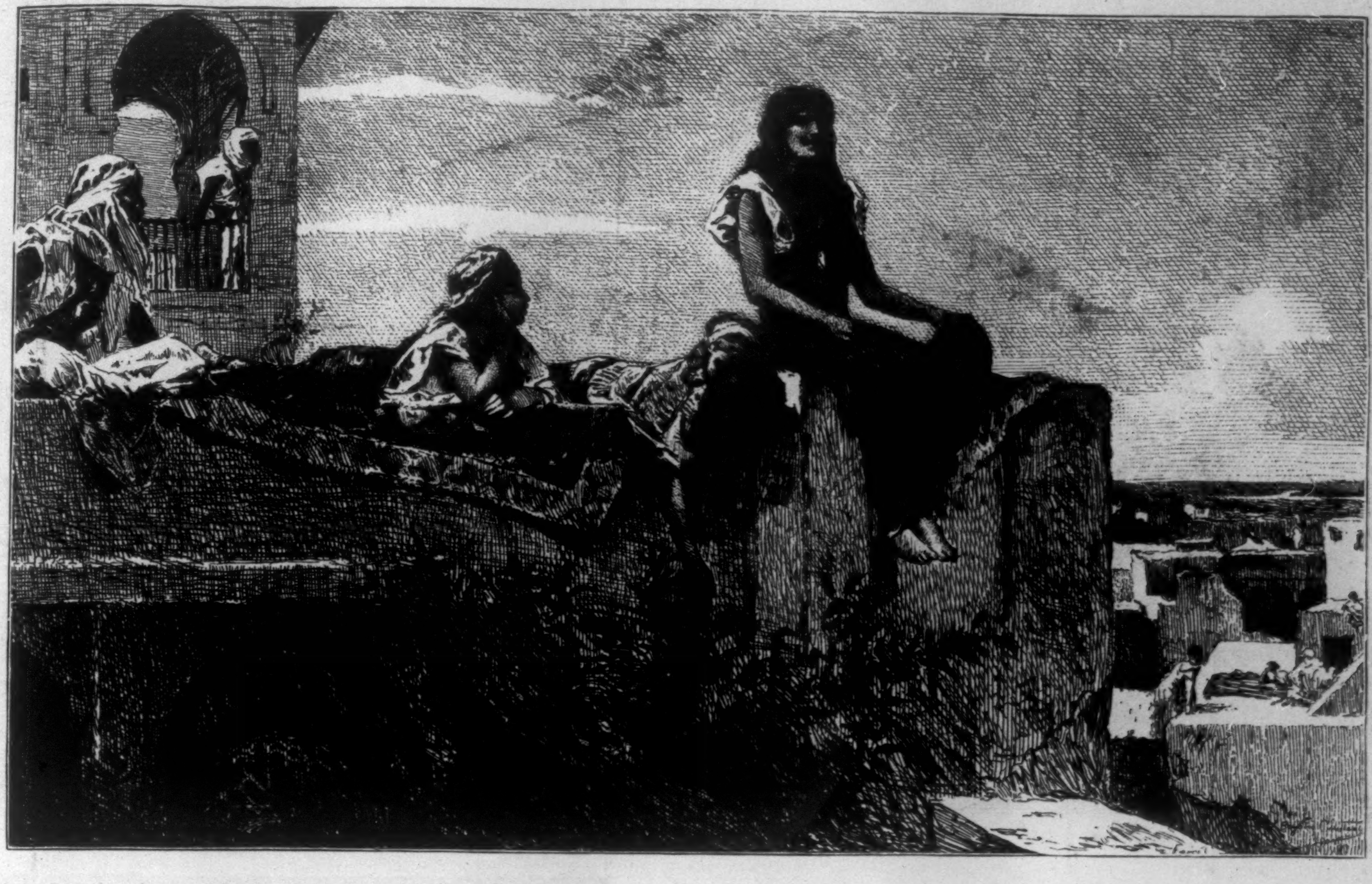


THE SERPENT CHARMER.—M. FORTUNY.

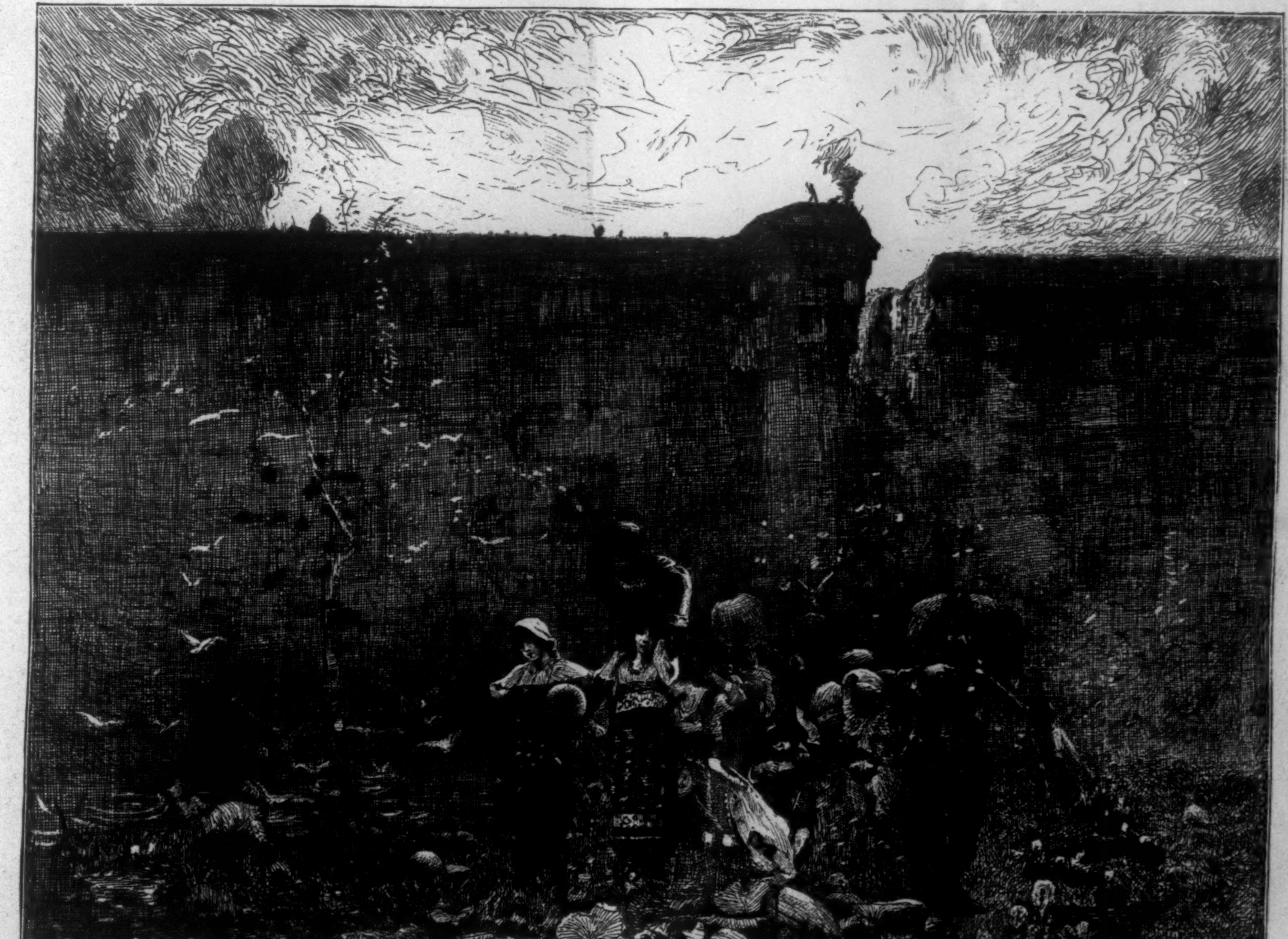


CATTLE.—C. TROYON.

ETCHINGS FROM WORKS OF ART IN THE A. T. STEWART COLLECTION.



EVENING ON THE TERRACE.—BENJAMIN CONSTANT.



A MISTY MORNING, ROME.—P. MICHETTI.

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